

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLVII.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 3.

THE IDEAL SPIRIT.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION. CLINTON T. WOOD, N. DAK.

LIFE and literature are daughters of a common parentage. The elder of this sisterhood is all action and reality; the younger presents the high ideal. Between them there is the closest sympathy. Their trysting-place is the soul of man. That literature reflects life is a commonplace of oratory and authorship. But that it has a higher function than mere reflection, has been proven repeatedly by national and individual experience. In the Platonic mind, beauty and the good are inseparable one from the other; and so, even the poet, who would please, portrays the beautiful, and hence must be a teacher; for the beautiful is the most fitting manifestation of the good. George Eliot lives to-day because of the deep ethical import of her works. The secret of Browning's power and influence lies in the nature of his verse. It is soul poetry. There is a spirit by which letters

are nurtured. Vishnu inspired the Hindoo mind, and the sublime Vedic Hymns have endured through thirty centuries. The need of self-knowledge forced itself upon the mind of a Greek sophist, and Socrates is in the air we breathe to-day. Heaven burdened the heart of a Hebrew prophet with the consequences of the wickedness of its chosen people, and the thunderings of Isaiah live on forever.

The thought of man has always been subject to feeling and revulsion of feeling, and to the restrictions of stern reality. Thus two great forces have been at work in all the ages, moulding the characters of men and nations. At times their relations have been properly adjusted and they have worked together in harmony. Then, through misunderstanding, they have been brought into battle on the field of blood, as at Marathon, Tours and Waterloo. And again, they have crossed swords in the more august arena of mental dispute; in that council chamber of the Greeks, the Areopagus; among the cloistered scholastics at Pisa and Constance; and in the latter-day Salons of London and Paris. Now one is in the ascendancy and then the other becomes the dominating force. The one is charged with reaching out into the transcendental and illusory; the other with being content in literalism, legalism and slavery. Instead of seeking to become the complement, one of the other, in helping to solve the mysteries of life, they stand in complete antithesis, and lead into deeper mystery. The one spirit trusts nothing but the data given by the senses; the other recognizes something beyond man and his experience. The one is imitative; the other is creative. One often tends toward skepticism; the other is the handmaid of belief. One has emanated from the cold, emotionless spirit of Aristotle; the other is the offspring of the impassioned mind of Plato. The one is the Philosophy of Experience; the other is the Philosophy of Idealism.

The modern man of thought, like the hero of Greek mythology, stands in hesitancy at the parting of the ways. Empiricism urges one path, Idealism beckons to the other.

Which promises to be the better guide? Art, literature and life give us the pictured story. These spirits are contrasted in different races. The Greek genius, in its home of liberty, erects a beautiful temple of Idealism. Rome, with her fine legal instinct, gives the world its laws. In English Literature, Celt and Teuton mark anew the contrast. The Teuton, contributing to Anglo-Saxon civilization his brawn, his firmness, his shrewd intelligence, his law; applying, with iron hand, his straightforward practical principles, and attempting to reduce even passion and inspiration to work by rule. Here is Francis Bacon, the embodiment of this spirit of utility. The civilization of Bentham and Cobbet, ay, even that of John Bright and Richard Cobden, with all its philanthropy, satisfies the needs of the body, not of the soul. The Celt touches us with his enthusiasm and devotion to the beautiful, bringing those imaginative wonders, that sense of beauty, mystery, sadness and sweetness, that deep melancholy—so human, so humanizing—the rich dower of a race long oppressed, which speaks forth with soulful eloquence from many a storied line of our sweetest poetry. Who is not moved by the legend of King Lear? The anguish of a Celtic king is not for the terrors of a storm. Thunder and lightning are nothing to him.

"The tempest in his mind
Doth from his senses take all feeling else."

His agonizing cry,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child,"

moves a wide world to pity. One daughter tenderly cares for that demented monarch, and the ennobled nations rejoice together over a Cordelia. Who has not a heart responsive to the martial war-songs of the border, and to the story of King Arthur told in the "Tales of the Round Table?"

Oct.,

The Celt has given to England her Morrises and Merediths, Shelley's "Skylark" and Keats' "Nightingale." To the Celt we owe Macbeth as well as Queen Mab and Oberon.

The men of genius of all nations have embodied their power for influencing succeeding generations in their arts and literature. Their philosophy is Idealism, and they bring from a picture world the thoughts and visions with which they sway mankind. Can inspiration be denied men of genius? No! Call it "reason" with Coleridge, "imaginative faith" with Wordsworth, whatever you will, that mysterious something has a real existence, which enables the poet to see and know and tell to other men things which they know not.

In art, Idealism has been an inspiration. The subtle influence of its spirit carries the artist out of the world of sense into the realm of deeper reality beyond. Witness Mozart at his instrument, oblivious of the clashing world about him and living in a realm of harmony. See Leonardo, working and never tiring, absorbed in that great Ideal which he feels he must express. He is painting the scene of the Last Supper upon the walls of that old Milanese monastery, and hundreds of years after, when the work is disfigured by age, almost obliterated by the crumbling of the wall, the spirit of that scene, although so inaccurate in historical detail, shall still endure and move the observer with its wondrous power.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of a spire."

Standing rapt in the presence of such perfection, John Ruskin exclaims, "Behold the mirror and model of perfect architecture." Such artists as these found their material in life and nature, but this they fused into a new creation in the glow of a personal Ideal.

If any one of the fine arts has shown the influence of these two philosophies, more than others, it has been literature. Here, Empiricism becomes Realism, and offers life as it is—the exact model. Idealism is here too an inspiration. It proclaims the apotheosis of life as the true purpose of letters. Assuming a high moral principle, it paints life as it should be. The disciples of this creed may have set before men heights that seem unattainable, they may be heralded as dreamers, but one never contemplates their glimpses of the “sunlight of the beyond” except to be made the better. Here we come upon the deepest and most sacred element in literature; that element of mystery which limns it with divine light. Hearken, while an ancient poet explains it. Plato says: “The poets tell us that they gather their strains from honeyed fountains out of the gardens and dells of the Muses; thither like bees they wing their way. * * * In this way the God shows us that these beautiful poems are not human or the work of man, but divine and the work of God, and the poets are the interpreters of the Gods.”

In every age the history of cultured thought proclaims its philosophy. It is Idealism. That which would outlast time must have the eternal spirit breathed into it. The poet who delights and inspires the millions of mankind, penetrates beyond change into the changeless. He feels that “A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of right.” That trade wind sweeps through the world awakening nature everywhere, bringing spring with all its promise, and bearing with it the blessings of growth and fruit. Witness the record of history. Every great literary epoch has been ushered in and its power sustained by Idealists. The Muse of history points to every golden age in thought, from the day of Greek inspiration to the time of England’s Virgin Queen, with one injunction—Follow the Ideal. But our modern spirit has almost disregarded this advice. A scientific culture and an utilitarian aim are the moulding influences in all that is modern.

And what have they done for our age? They have given us a material development such as was never known before. But what have they accomplished for man's inner life?

Grant the materialist his way. Let him shut out the light of heaven with the gloomy prison walls of his generalizations. Let him hear with unmoved heart the crying aspirations of his fellow man. Let him defy heaven with his skepticism and cast his miserable, ill-directed personality against the walls of God's eternal truth. Is this all the modern age can offer to mankind? Is this the result of the searchings of the mind for centuries? Is this the consummation of the hopes of all the ages? Or, is there an eternal temple of truth beyond personality and race? Is there something deeper than experience and broader than material environment? Ah! Science! You see the limitations of your sphere and would fain not recognize them. But you surpass them, trusting in your own strength, only to be baffled and defeated. Even our greatest conquests have been made with Ideality as a guide. Away with those influences which would produce an age devoid of impulse to higher things. Alexander Pope, with his time-serving "Whatever is, is right," sounds the keynote of this tendency in letters. And to-day, in much the same spirit, the French realist describes life's cesspools. Does he not know that truth and virtue are just as real in human life as vice and crime, and incomparably nobler and more beautiful? Better for him, better for his age, that he had learned the lesson which his great countryman taught. Let him see Victor Hugo, discerning even in the misery and degradation of a Valjean the possibilities of a human soul still shining. The criteria of the modern spirit do not go half way to inculcate the ideas which are indispensable to a full realization of life's best possibilities. The forms around us are not perfection. The lives of men, even those which impress us as great and sublime, are far from complete. The "type of perfect in the mind" is an ever-widening circle extended by broadening views and deeper insight.

Behold the gifted poets, bards of the soul's changing moods and of the longings of man's inner life, pointing to the one source of their fulfilment; rendering mighty voluntaries upon the organ of language, with the divine chord sounding in a deep undertone. Here is a Chaucer, "Well of English undefiled", who gave his countrymen to taste of sweet waters from the fountain-head of Romanticism. And here a Spenser, "Poet of Poets", with gorgeous and brilliant pageantry, never-fading flowers, cloudless skies; his Faerie Queene moulded after a beauty that is "Heavenly born and cannot die." And then the mighty minds of England's Merry Sixteenth century catching a glimpse

"Of a light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration of a poet's dream,"

and reflecting it in the Elizabethan drama. And then a Milton, mighty and majestic, man of divine inspiration, he of the deep religious conception of the poet's mission. It is only in the sunlight of an Idealistic Philosophy that literature shines with its truest brightness.

Realism may be that which keeps the arts in touch with their times. Idealism brings them close to the great heart of humanity and imparts that character of universality which is the crucial test of enduring worth. The importance of Realism is evident; but the grandest prerogative of a literature is not to embody the life and spirit of its times, but to transcend these narrow limits, reaching forth into the Ideal for something grander and nobler, for something to elevate the age. Exponency is a good thing, exaltation is a grand thing.

The river Rhone rushes down from the Swiss Mountains a turgid, swollen stream, pouring its dark floods into the placid blue depths of Lake Geneva; then issues forth, after its rest in the bosom of the lake, a clear stream of beautiful blue, like the bright empyrean from which it fell. So pour the floods of life's river into the depths of mighty minds, to re-appear, purified by contact with the Infinite, in all that is beautiful and noble in art and life and song.

Clinton T. Wood.

THE CURFEW CHIMES.

CLANGING, dingy,
Slowly swinging
In the village belfry high,
Hear them singing,
Quaintly ringing
Out their evening lullaby.

Hark ! they're singing !
For they're flinging
Out a joyous melody—
Sweet sounds winging
Heavenward, bringing
Mem'ries of the day passed by.

Thanks for blessing
They're addressing
To the Lover of us all ;
And confessing
Care caressing,
In their music's curfew call.

Angels kneeling,
With hushed feeling,
Gather up those tones so sweet,
Softly stealing
The chimes' pealing—
Lay them at the Master's feet.

Then the swinging
Bells cease ringing
Out their liquid lullaby ;
Echoes dingy
Faintly singing
Float down from the frosted sky !

V. Lansing Collins.

A REMINISCENCE.

WHEN I first met Marian Hale I experienced that undefinable feeling which is so common, and usually so tiresome. I could not remember having seen her before, and yet it seemed to me I had. If not, I was at a loss to think whom she reminded me of. Yet I felt that I must have seen her before somewhere. I even thought I half remembered having heard her name. All this gave me a sort of interest in her personality, if, indeed, under the circumstances, anything was needed to do that.

It was at a dance given by Mrs. St. Rémy, who at that time entertained as much as any one in St. Louis. The orchestra was just striking up a waltz when Paul St. Rémy, leading me forward, said, "Miss Hale, may I present Mr. Van Corlear?" and was presently lost in the crowd. I asked for the dance, of course, and away we went for a few minutes, and then went outside. It was still early in the evening, and we sat for some time on the veranda, talking, and I took care to get several other dances in the course of a few hours. At the very first glimpse I had of her face I was struck by its expression. There was a gay, happy look in her eyes, but every now and then one saw, for a second or so, a flash of something else, an intangible something that might have been pain, or might have been only ennui. And, besides, I felt sure I had seen her before. Do not think that I realized and analyzed all these ideas at the time. I did not; and I may as well confess that I needed none of them to stimulate my interest in her. Perhaps it was the music that started my runaway head, for I have never been a susceptible man. But I rather think it would have been the same in any case. That night was the beginning. Inside of a week I was "hard hit."

I can never forget that night and the weeks that followed. She was so lovely! I could not describe her face if I tried, but I shall never forget it. It was enough that it was her

face. Well, here I am, prattling on and raving like some rustic Strephon about his Chloe. I used always to think that the one absolutely unmitigated bore in creation is the lover who confides in a friend, and continues to confide until flesh and blood can no more endure. But I am sure you will excuse me when you know the whole story.

Well, as time wore on, I began to realize more and more that I had known something of her before, but I still failed to place her exactly. However, that did not bother me much just then, and, when I learned that she had been at Bar Harbor two years before, I concluded that I must have seen her there, and thought no more of it for the time being.

I stayed in the neighborhood of St. Louis about two months, and saw a good deal of Marian—all I could, in fact. I did my best to further my own interests in that direction, and was very attentive. However, I did not seem to have all the success I could have desired. She appeared to know my feelings, and did not seem altogether angry about the matter. But then she always kept putting me off, though it was done in the gentlest way imaginable, and dropping hints that made me uneasy.

One night Mrs. St. Rémy, at whose house I was then visiting, gave a dinner. Marian was invited, and I took her in. Somehow or other, during dinner we got to talking of common acquaintances in New York, and I happened to mention a dear friend of mine, Jack Crawford, who had been drowned a couple of years before while bathing off the Maine coast. At his name Marian turned white as a sheet. I thought she was going to faint, and became much alarmed; but she did not.

That night, before going to sleep, I began putting this and that together, and rubbing up my memory, until the whole matter was clear to me. So I determined not to stay any longer in St. Louis, but to start as soon as possible for New York and leave her alone for a while. I cursed myself for a blockhead for not having realized the truth sooner.

Marian Hale was the girl whom everybody at Bar Harbor had supposed to be engaged to Jack Crawford that summer two years ago, although it had never been formally announced.

Well, I started East in a day or so, just leaving her a line telling my reasons for such a sudden departure. When I arrived in New York I went up to see Tom Crawford, Jack's brother, who was then living in Fifty-seventh street. He was away, but his wife asked me to come and take dinner informally with them, naming a day when Tom would be in the city again.

At the appointed time I appeared, and found no one there except Tom and his wife and her sister. This was just as I had wished. After dinner, while we were sitting over our cigars, I asked Tom what he knew of his brother's engagement to Miss Hale. Naturally he did not care to speak about it much, and at first was very reticent. I had to tell him substantially what I have told you. When he knew how intimately it concerned me to know all about it, he told me everything he knew of the matter. With what he told me, and what I knew I should be able to glean from various other sources, I determined I would learn the whole story of Marian's previous engagement before seeing her again and making another attempt to win her affections. It did not take me long, for I had learned that a second cousin of mine was one of Marian's most intimate friends. The story, as I learned it, moved me more than I can say, and it did not tend to lessen my affection for her, I can tell you.

About two years and a half previous to the summer I met Marian, an old uncle of hers spent the winter in Egypt. When he asked Marian to accompany him, her parents were more or less surprised, for he was not at all fond of young people, as a general thing. However, they did not hesitate to give their consent, thinking that it would be a splendid thing for her. This Mr. Hale, her uncle, was a great dabbler in forgotten lore, and fancied himself a great

antiquarian. Being this kind of a man, he took almost no notice of the things which happened daily right under his nose. He lived in the past and in his books, and was, of course, the worst—or the best—of chaperons.

One day Mr. Hale and two or three English people, with whom they had fallen in, hired guides to go and see some ruin or other. Marian, of course, went with the party. On their way back to their boat they were surrounded by a yelling mob of natives, clamoring, after their fashion, for *backsheesh*. The expedition had not been as successful in every way as was expected, and, consequently, Mr. Hale was in a bad humor and refused to give them anything. Now, this was a great mistake. The mob became very aggressive, and it seemed for a time as if even the lives of the few Europeans in the party were in danger. There was another set of sightseers which, several times during the day, had been quite near Mr. Hale's party. At this juncture these came up, and one of them, quite a young man and very tall, mounting on a slab of stone at the edge of the crowd, in order to increase the effect of his height, began to chant loudly, with a great deal of gesticulation—

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, and a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. Now, if Peter picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

The effect was ridiculous in the extreme. The yelling natives looked at him a moment, and before he had said many words they began to think it was some potent charm or fearful curse that he was pronouncing. By the time he was half through they were wavering, and presently they broke and fled. When he came to the end there was not one of them within one hundred and seventy yards.

The stranger introduced himself as Mr. John Crawford, of New York. It was certainly a very romantic beginning for a courtship. Here were two Americans away off in Egypt suddenly brought together in a manner, to say the

least, unique. It sounded to me rather melo-dramatic, but yet everything connected with Marian interested me too deeply for me to see anything funny in it.

Crawford had been traveling with a not very congenial party, composed mainly of Englishmen. So he was naturally very glad of the opportunity of enjoying the society of Americans, and all the more when he observed that one of those Americans was quite a pretty girl. She very likely was as glad as he was. Anyway, she availed herself of the customary informality of those traveling abroad, and invited him to call that evening. Later, when he found himself in the little cabin of the boat with Mr. Hale and his charming niece, an idea occurred to him, which he proceeded to put in execution. Jack was always fond of girls' society, so much so that many people thought him a good deal of a flirt. He was not exactly that, for he did not go in for it seriously or steadily enough. I do not believe he had ever had a really serious flirtation in his life, or ever taken a fancy to a girl that lasted more than two or three days. Yet, as I said, he was very fond of women's society.

It took him a very few minutes to discover the old gentleman's hobby. Indeed, it would not have taken anyone a lifetime. So he attacked this weak spot at once. He began talking of mummies, and pyramids, and tombs and things, as if that sort of thing were his one delight in life. Little by little he led the conversation around to an Armenian contractor whom he had seen a few days before a little farther up the river, and from whom he had found out the whereabouts of a number of yet unearthed relics of the ancient Egyptian civilization. Crawford had no idea that there was anything to be found except a few paltry ornaments or implements, for he very well knew that if the Armenian thought there was anything of great value there he would have been careful to keep his secret until he was offered a good round price for it. However, he kept on talking about it until he worked Mr. Hale up to a high

pitch of excitement. The dear old antiquarian never for a moment suspected that such an estimable and learned young man would look twice at an ignorant snip of a girl, who neither knew nor cared anything about mummies and sphinxes and defunct Pharaohs. Nothing would do but that Mr. Crawford should join their party, and accompany him on a grand expedition. This was just what Jack wanted, and he was much better pleased that the old gentleman should be the one to propose it. He gladly agreed to join forces with Mr. Hale—and his niece. For the next week or so the old fellow was in a fever of preparation. He had reached his acme. Was he not going to head a real excavating expedition? He was in ecstacies over visions of his future fame. Crawford, while spending enough of his time in Mr. Hale's society to prevent his having any suspicions, managed to devote by far the greater part of it to Marian. Moreover, the enterprise really turned out to be quite a success, and, after that, her uncle was too much occupied with arranging his new-found treasures to pay the slightest attention to Marian or Jack. They were together almost all the time, and really it was practically inevitable, under the circumstances, that even Jack Crawford should fall in love. As for Marian, she was then quite young and very inexperienced, and probably lost her heart very easily to him.

At the end of two months Mr. Hale was ready to return to America, and, as Crawford could find no plausible excuse for accompanying them any longer, he was compelled to part with her for a while, promising himself, however, that he would see her soon again. When he arrived in New York early the next summer, he learned that old Mr. Hale and his sister were at Bar Harbor, and that Marian was visiting them. She often spent a great part of the summer on the Atlantic coast. He went there as soon as possible and renewed his attentions, and was successful. Before July was over he had obtained her consent to be his wife. Although they decided not to announce their engagement at

once, Jack wrote almost immediately to his brother to tell him of it; but, for some reason or other, Marian delayed writing to tell her parents. Four days after that Jack Crawford was drowned before her eyes while bathing. The usual story—taken with cramps and drowned before help could reach him.

Within a few days Marian had a letter from home, saying that her mother was quite ill, and sending for her to return at once. When she arrived she found her mother badly run down with some nervous trouble, and she, who was in much greater need of comfort and care, kept her own fearful sorrow to herself, in order the better to care for her mother, and not to add to her trouble. It was not long after that that her father failed, or lost a great deal of his money in some way or other. Her father then became cross and ill-natured, and her mother grew into a confirmed nervous invalid. She, poor child, was dying for a little sympathy, but got along as well as she could without it, and acted like the truest hero I ever heard of. She did her best always to appear cheerful and happy, in order to keep up the spirits of her parents. But if she had not finally decided to confide her story to one or two of her most intimate friends, she must eventually have given way. So far as I could learn, she never told her mother a word of her sorrow, and was always deprived of the sweetest solace a daughter can enjoy—her mother's sympathy.

After I had gathered this story together from Tom Crawford and my cousin, I need not say that I was considerably moved. I no longer wondered at the expression in her face that had drawn me to her at that first ball. But when I began to think matters over I almost despaired of ever winning her, for I concluded, naturally enough, that a girl who would act as she had done was hardly the girl to fall in love twice. I eventually arrived at the decision that my only hope lay in going to her as soon as possible, and simply telling her that I knew her story of sorrow and sympathized most heartily with her. This would at least give us some-

thing in common, and a common secret is always a good thing in a case of that sort.

As soon as I could, I carried out my idea and went to St. Louis, on some pretext of business. I stayed there a great part of the winter. Marian went out quite a good deal more, I found out, than she had for several years. This I considered a rather encouraging sign. I had, I flattered myself, at least drawn her out of her shell. I began my campaign by contriving to let her know, as soon as possible, the full extent of my knowledge of her affliction, and my sympathy with it. After I had done this I did not see her again for several days. In fact, I was rather afraid to, for I feared what result this communication would have upon her. When we did meet again, I fancied her manner was rather constrained; but I saw nothing strange in that. Besides, she did not seem especially cold toward me, nor did she appear angry at the liberty I had taken.

I felt quite encouraged, but it was a month or more before I could make up my mind to a definite proposal. I finally did muster up courage to speak, only when I saw her at a ball at the house where I had first met her, wearing the same dress as on the former occasion. This coincidence stimulated me to declare myself. I said a great many things which I need not repeat, and among others this,—that I did not expect she would ever feel for me as warmly as if she had never been in love before; that I would be satisfied with very little, but that I could not do without her altogether. She heard me through without a word, and was silent for some minutes. Then she said: "It is impossible. I shall never marry. There are reasons you don't know of."

I was about to reply, when we were interrupted by the appearance of another couple from the ball-room.

I did not see Marian for some time, although I called every day. The answer was always brought that she was unwell. This made me very uneasy. I feared the worst. For a long time past she had an unnatural glow of color,

and the idea that she might have consumption had several times tortured me, but I had always refused to harbor it. But now I was exceedingly anxious and worried. Those years of wearing pain must have weakened such a girl as she was so that she could not offer much resistance to disease. Besides the weather had been terribly uncertain and changeable all winter. One afternoon, after I had passed about a week of the worst sort of suspense, I called, as usual, to inquire, and she sent word she would see me in a few minutes. In a short time she came down, looking very badly. My fears were by no means allayed by her appearance. Her face had more of the old undefinable look of pain than I had seen for months. I had hardly intended to bring up the matter so soon again, especially in view of her illness, but that look brought up such a flood of reminiscences that my heart ran away with my head. I forgot her condition, and everything, in fact, but that I loved her. I asked her to give me another answer; she merely replied again, "It is impossible, altogether impossible."

I seized her by the hands and begged for ever so little encouragment. "Have you no kinder word for me?" I asked.

She looked up, and started to speak, but was taken with a violent fit of coughing which lasted a long while. I hastened to place her on the large divan at the end of the room, and arranged the many pillows to make her as comfortable as possible. Then I got her some water, for she was faint with coughing. I begged her to be still, and get perfectly rested before attempting to talk.

Presently she felt better, and looked up and said, with a sigh, "You remind me so much of Jack!"

Almost immediately after that she fell to coughing again, worse than ever. I rang for help, and shortly left the house, seeing that I could be of no use. That night she had a hemorrhage, and a few days later another. I called daily, but never saw her again. In a fortnight she was dead. I did not go to the funeral for I could not bear to efface that

last sweet remembrance of her, as she said those words in the parlor. The sigh and the look, which accompanied her last words to me, I shall treasure until my time comes to quit work for good.

James Westcott.

TO LOWELL.

A POET—for with eyes undimmed
By all the glare of modern greed,
He saw the Truth, and, seeing, dipped
His pen in that clear fountain head,
And wrote great words of faith and love—
Heaven's messages to dull-souled men.

A Patriot—in the nation's need
No base uncertain sound he gave;
The crisis came; he never flinched,
But spoke in tones which yet shall ring
Down long defiles of coming time—
The clashing strokes of Freedom's Knight!

Poet and Patriot—laurels these,
Fit only for such uncrowned kings,
Still fadeless when all other crowns
Have crumbled in oblivious rust!

Charles Bertram Newton.

THE CURÉ'S DAUGHTER.

OF COURSE she was not really the curé's daughter, but she used to talk to others about him as her father, and that's how she got the name. True, it was a peculiar one to give her, but, then, the good folks who lived in the straggling township of Aube-du-Jour were too simple-minded to be scandalized.

The fact is, the curé had picked her up from the streets of Paris on one of his few-and-far-between visits to that distant city. He was waiting outside the *Gare du Nord* for the train to start, when he saw a small, slender form, scantily clad in a tattered red dress, shoeless, stockingless and hatless. Her tangled brown hair was waving around a sweet face, whose dark eyes looked wonderingly and timidly up at him when, touched by their wistful expression, he spoke to her. She was selling matches, and she said that unless her tray were emptied by purchasers before evening, she would get no supper, receiving probably a beating instead. She had neither father nor mother; did not know her name or age. Where she lived? Well, it was away somewhere down town, and up four or five flights of stairs, in a house where many families lived together. The curé asked her if she would like to go back to Aube-du-Jour with him. She stared at him a moment, and then put her hand in his, and he bought another ticket.

"If Annette, the housekeeper, objects," said the old man to himself, chuckling, "*eh bien*, so much the worse for her. I am master in my own house, I think." And thus the curé's daughter came to the parish.

As they walked over from the town, the road seemed shorter than usual to the curé. The child was delighted by the sight she had never seen before; the hills, the fields, the wonderful sky which, there in the country, seemed so wide, so wide!

"But where are all the chimneys and the big houses, and the horses and wagons and the gendarmes?" The curé smiled. "There are none here, my child."

Then she wanted to pick all the wildflowers along the roadside, until it did the old priest's heart good to see her pleasure. And when, at length, they reached the cottage in the orchard garden on the hill, it was found that Annette didn't make much fuss after all. She seemed to take to the waif as much as her master had.

So the curé's daughter entered the little household ; and what the curé did was always right, hence there was no harm in his taking the child away from Paris—at least, that was what the folks all said.

This had happened three years ago, and the girl was so pretty and so lovable that everyone liked her from the first, and now—why, the people were almost as fond of her as of the curé. In fact, Martin, who acted as stableman and gardener and general help at the curé's cottage, declared, to himself, of course, that he felt almost in love with her, although she was only a girl of fifteen or sixteen, while he was nearly twenty years older. When she first came to the cottage she used to go out into the garden while he was working, and talk to him, asking questions about the mountains and the trees, and the river that wound through the valley—did it join the big river at Paris ? and were there steamboats on it, and bridges over it as at Paris ? And when he said no, she wondered. The possibility of there being a river without bridges and steamboats had never entered her head. It was as strange as the existence of a town without high houses and wagons and gendarmes.

Now, it had grown to be a habit for the curé's daughter to go into the garden when Martin was working. She took her sewing with her usually, for Annette was teaching her to use a needle, or else she carried a book—the curé had her education in charge. No one was more interested in her improvement than Martin, and the longer she stayed in the little household, and the more she became a part of it, the fonder he unconsciously grew of her. At least, not exactly unconsciously, for he began to be aware of keen disappointment if the curé's daughter did not come out to see him ; and, on the other hand, when he heard her light step, he felt a quickening of his pulse. These strange sensations somewhat put him out. He had never felt them before. What did they mean ? He couldn't tell, though he had a dim suspicion, and so he decided to refer the matter to the curé, who knew everything.

Accordingly, one afternoon, as they were driving home from the town, Martin bluntly broached the subject.

"*Mon père*, what does it feel like to be in love? Have you ever had it?"

The curé glanced sharply at the man, as if startled, but remained silent. Had Martin known that, in the drawer of the prie-dieu in the curé's plainly furnished bedroom, there was a small ivory box, more prized by its owner than any thing else that he had, containing a few faintly fragrant letters addressed in a woman's writing, a photograph, and a little lock of hair, he would probably not have asked the question, dull minded though he was. He did not know this, but looking at his master he saw that he was gazing sadly away at the hills, with a slight tremor lingering in the corners of his shaven lips, and he realized in some mysterious way that he had made a false step at the outset, so, to relieve his feelings, he whipped up the lazy, well-fed horse. That was a way of his. It recalled the curé's mind from its wandering.

"*Ah! mais! —la pauvre bête!*—Yes, my son, I have been in love, but that was long, long ago. I loved madly, passionately; she—she died suddenly, and—I became a priest. How it feels? It's like—*Ah! mon dieu!*—one can't explain. To love is the only way to know!"

He was silent again, and Martin thoughtfully listened to the beat of the horse's hoofs as they rhythmically fell on the hard road. Just as he reached the conclusion that the animal would have to be re-shod before winter, the curé turned and said abruptly:

"Why, are you in love?"

Martin this time was the embarrassed one, and, with some confusion, stammered out:

"I? No, *mon père*—I know not—I—" then he hit the long-suffering horse again and said no more.

The conversation had not been very successful, so Martin thought to himself as he put the horse in the stable that evening, and the strange sensations remained unexplained.

Some time after this he went to town on errands and the curé's daughter rode with him. Martin was delighted, and yet—and yet—. Those two words just explain how he felt. He was beginning to get angry with himself, but he could not help it.

It was getting late that evening when they left the town for the drive home.

Martin drove slowly, and the clerical quadruped rejoiced in his driver's unusual abstinence from the use of the whip. The former knew very well by the gathering clouds that a rain-storm was coming up and that the sooner he got home the better, but it was pleasant to think that the curé's daughter was sitting beside him, that he had her in his care; and now and again he stole a glance at her dark eyes and brown hair. Yes, without a doubt he was very fond of her.

"Look, Martin!" she said all at once, in a somewhat frightened tone, "Will there be a storm?" She had just caught sight of the lowering clouds behind them.

"Yes, my little one, but not yet. Do not fear." How he managed to say the words he never knew. It was simply a miracle.

It was not very many minutes after that the first rain-drops fell, raising little puffs of dust on the road where they struck. Instinctively the horse quickened its pace. Martin was rather anxious now, and began to think—supposing anything should happen to the curé's daughter, what would he do?

Suddenly the horse shied at something on the roadside, turned and reared a step or two, and then, before one could tell how it was done, the carriage was upset. There's no explaining some accidents. They occur, and that's all there is about them.

Martin was caught in the reins and wheel, and gave a great cry as he fell to the earth. The curé's daughter was thrown over on to him, but was unhurt. It was beginning to rain harder. The girl went to help Martin out of the

débris, but he was groaning, and cried, "Don't touch me—Oh! my leg, my leg!"

For a moment the curé's daughter stood in doubt. The rain was pouring down now. Her first thought was the curé; there was nothing for it but to run on to the cottage and get help. Martin was groaning terribly; so she rolled her shawl up and put it under his head, and then, bending over him, she whispered, "Poor man; I'm so sorry!" and out of her womanly kindness lightly kissed his white forehead and started off.

She was wet through before she had gone a dozen yards, but on she ran. Never had that last mile seemed so long, nor had the hill ever been so steep. Her only thought was to get help for Martin. "Perhaps he is dying!" she kept saying to herself, and, although she was almost ready to drop, she went on. At last the cottage gate came into sight; the curé was standing on the porch. She breathlessly told him that Martin was very much hurt—could not move—perhaps he was dying. "Oh, *mon père*, please hasten! he groaned so; it was terrible!"

The curé put on a waterproof and hurried off. Stopping at a neighbor's house he obtained help. They reached Martin, carried him back to Aube-du-Jour, and left him at the doctor's house; for that worthy's domicile was the only hospital of which the town could boast.

When in the calm, clear evening—for those summer storms pass off quickly—the curé came back to the cottage on the hill, he found Annette in great excitement. The curé's daughter was ill—severe pains, with fever. The good man went up to the little room where his charge lay, and felt her wrist, smoothed her forehead, and then, tired as he was, went out to the stable and got out the horse, which he had brought back with him, having left orders in the town about the wrecked carriage, and started off for Aube-du-Jour once more.

The doctor returned with him and examined the sick girl. It was, he said, a severe cold, with serious symptoms. He

gave Annette several orders and left some medicine. Then the news got around the straggling township that the curé's daughter was very ill. She grew worse in spite of all the doctor's skill and Annette's care. The curé's face was pale and anxious, and he went about his parochial duties with preoccupied manner, as if his thoughts were always with the sufferer in the little room of the hillside cottage. The kind-hearted folks were sympathetic, but it was of no use.

One morning, just as the sun was rising over the faraway hills and tinged the highest points in the valley, the curé's daughter died.

There was a hush in the little town that day. Down among the trees on the riverside was the village burial-ground, and while the service was going on, they could hear the murmur of water. It did not sing so noisily the afternoon they laid the curé's daughter to rest, but it seemed to sing more sweetly.

* * * * *

It was some three weeks after this that the curé was going to the town to fetch back Martin, who, by that time, could walk on crutches. He went out of his way to pass by the riverside, which would lead him through the low iron gates of the garden of the dead; and as he approached the white slab that bore the words "*The curé's daughter*," he saw a figure on crutches standing bareheaded beside it. Yes, it was Martin. The curé paused awhile and then slowly walked up and stood beside him. There were tears in the eyes of both men. The priest gently laid his hand on Martin's shoulder.

"Come, my son!"

So they went silently together along the shaded paths and out through the open iron gates.

"You loved her?"

"*Oui, mon père.*"

And they continued slowly up the dusty road until at last they reached home—the cottage in the orchard garden on the hill.

V. Lansing Collins.

I THANKED HIM.

"MISS ROSA is not at home," I was told. Begad, I said to myself, shut down on me, eh? She has been away all summer; she must be home. She wouldn't have gone away again so soon, surely. I called again.

"Is Miss Rosa in?"

"Not at home."

"Please take this card to Miss Rosa," I requested, carelessly.

"Not at home."

"When will Miss Rosa be in?"

"Not at home," and the door closed.

I pulled the bell again.

"Will you please give my card to Mrs. ——"

"Not at home."

That impudent servant did not have sense enough to keep him from another place where I was sure he would be very much at home. That one sentence with the "not" and the "at" and the "home" in it had come so often from his lips—had so often rung in his head till he had wrung what little sense he ever had out of it. I did feel bitter about it.

"Will you please—tell—me—when—Mrs. Dawson will be home?" I asked sarcastically, pausing between the words where the dashes are, and I was rewarded.

"Don't know, sir."

Oh!

So he can say something else. I buttoned my coat about me, turned up my collar, and, with hands in my pockets and thumbs out, I walked down the avenue.

I am not the man to make a fool of myself over a girl, so I said in my mind to her, "Good-day, Miss Rosa."

I was tired of town—a little office work, a little theatre, a little club, a little calling and so blanked many "not at homes." One does get so tired of these things, you know. I thought I would take a little recreation and be "not at

home" to some of my friends, and let them know how it felt. So I got ready and hurried off for a shooting trip to my box among the rushes of the Chesapeake. Something happened on this trip. It told on my life I believe. I am inclined to think things would have turned out different if I hadn't gone. Anyway I went.

One has good times shooting. One doesn't feel any effects from the buffet, you know. The exercise is so invigorating. If your head is all swelled when you go out, your lungs are a regular air cylinder before you get back. It's healthful, very healthful, and when the shooting is good, as it always is at my "stand," and the companions are good fellows and congenial, why then it can't be beat.

The busy hustling of the city, and dinner invitations—one gets too much of them. But at his shooting-box a man is free. There is no "form" there which does so pall on you. I always feel like a captive that has just escaped bondage when I go down there. But in the evenings, if you should get *ennued* you can talk and talk and be out of it all. It's a mighty good place to learn what is going on in town in a way. City ways are set. It tells a man to act in this form and that form, and you act in this form and that form, and that is all. But there you act as you please, only you have to be very still in the "blind," and sometimes get cramped—if you want any ducks. A man talks freer at a shooting-box than anywhere in the world.

We had been lying in the hedges quite a while, and had had practically no shooting at all. The wind was not right for it. But suddenly a nebula rose in the distance. By close watching, the cluster became specks and the specks became ducks, when they horrified us by ignoring our decoys absolutely and flying straight down the middle of the river. After this, flock after flock followed suit. One stray duck did come near enough to surrender his life, but before the dogs could get to him a pike had picked him off from the surface. We were disgusted, when a large group of fine specimens rounded up in front of our decoys, and

left and came back in succession till we had secured a fine bag.

We had had great luck after all, and were feeling in good spirits.

I forgot to say who was with me. It was John Duyne, banker,—lives on Walnut street, but that doesn't matter; we're in the country now. We were merry that night, but we were too tired to handle the pasteboards. We sang a little, and quoted Byron, about friends leaving you and your girl going back on you, and toasted to that which always remained faithful, and we chatted on little pieces of social gossip.

He called me "The Judge," and he was "Attorney-General," socially, pleasureably, familiarly, yet falsely, of course.

"What do you think of Miss Jonson; doesn't she tire you awfully?" asked the Attorney-General. I thought she was pretty and quite bright, but he said she bored him awfully. Her remarks were so old. She had said them so many times. She was absolutely tiresome to him.

Come to think of it, that was so.

"And there is Miss Hobbs; don't you think she is foolish over that old Count? I believe he is a farce anyway. He doesn't know the difference between a Count and an enumeration."

We laughed at that.

"Did you meet Bert Doyle down at the shore this summer?" asked the Attorney-General, growing talkative, taking his seat again.

"Why, he had quite a romance down there. It got in the papers. I suppose you saw it?"

"I was very busy—if I saw it—I don't remember. What was it?—some scandal, I suppose."

"No, not exactly—it's quite interesting," I think.

"Well, he got dead in love, down there. He fell in with a town girl; may be you know her, but I don't remember her name; is from town, however. She was a handsome

woman, large and stylish, and seemed from the very first to have some magnetic influence over Doyle. She would 'bathe' with no one but him. She would dance with no one but him. She could have had other attentions, I thought, if she had cared. But they grew inseparable, and seemed to be as happy as two blue birds in the Spring when together. Everybody thought it was a case and would be a go, and got to talking about it. But one night in the ball-room he was paying his devoirs to another woman, very swell, and Miss—Oh, what is her name?—well, the Philadelphia woman, failed to make her appearance. So it leaked out that there was nothing in the affair at all. Then, of course, we all supposed it was a mere nothing; a passing affair, in fact. But it was not. Miss Town-girl grew despondent, took headaches, and rarely appeared. And don't you suppose that girl's health is almost broken on account of Doyle?"

"The wretch!" I exclaimed.

"And she has gone abroad, so I recently heard, and will be absent at the time of Doyle's marriage."

"So Doyle is to marry the other woman? That is quite interesting. But how did he come to desert his first case?" I asked.

"Well, it seems now he never did care anything about her. She used to make all the advances, ask him to walk and drive, and send him presents, and do all those things you know, till Doyle by his tacit conduct, she thought was in love with her, as she was with him. But now it seems he never gave her a moment's encouragement, but finding her company pleasant went with her till he could stand her no longer, and then left her. That's about it."

"But who was this girl? Can't you think of her name?"

"Miss—Miss Rosa—Miss Rosa Dawson."

"Where did she live?

"On Broad street, I think."

"WHAT!"

I don't know, particularly, what any other man would have done under the same circumstances. If it could have

occurred in "Poker Flat," I am inclined to think a few pistol shots would have been fired off. If it had been in the Middle Ages, I believe a duel would have resulted. But it occurred in the Nineteenth Century and at my shooting-box, and I know what I did—Attorney-General or no Attorney-General—I laid that man flat.

I afterward apologized, however, when I heard the story from several sources. For I am not the man to make a fool of myself over a girl. And who wants a woman that has been jilted? Now who does?

And I thanked that servant from the bottom of my heart for telling me that Miss Dawson was absent that day, though I could not overlook his greenness at refusing to tell me she had gone abroad.

Harry Franklin Covington.

AN AGE.

THE south wind warms the branches bare
 Of the old tree leafless and brown,
And, cheered by the sunlight's kindly care,
 He fears not Winter's frown.

The old head white with the storms of life,
 But cheered by his children's care,
Rests safe 'mid worldly trouble and strife,
 Nor dreads Death's cold despair.

James Westervelt.

ONE OF THE FRESHMEN.

HE COULD hardly realize that he was really a college man—how grand that sounded, "college man." He had matriculated, had subscribed his name to the pledge, had gotten off his condition in "quadratics of two unknown quantities," and was a full-fledged member of the College

of New Jersey, and was now at his third recitation. But he had not become really acquainted with a single member of his class, and even in that crowded recitation-room he felt strangely lonely.

"Is this actually college?" he was thinking. "I don't feel as old as I used to think I would."

He was interrupted in his introspect by noticing that the fellow on the end of his row was reciting. This startled him. He turned the page and studied ahead. Then the next was called upon. He would follow. Was he actually going to recite? His heart was beating so violently that he feared those near him would hear it. He saw with joy that the passage that would be his to translate was easy, all except one participle; he wasn't sure which of two constructions was correct. Which should he take?—participles were this professor's particular hobby. Why did he have to get so excited? When *was* that fellow going to get through? He wondered what his sister Fannie would think—

"The next please take it up there, Mr. Stacy?"

He heard the professor's voice as if from a distance. There flashed across him the terrible idea, "What if I should refuse to get up!"

Then he arose, and translated the participle correctly.

He was not very tall, so that he could have rested his book on the curly head of the fellow in front of him, and it would have been at the right distance. He leaned his head forward while he read, so that his chin rested on his chest. This gave him the appearance of not being strong enough to hold his large head erect.—Its size was exaggerated by his slight body.—He had a great quantity of thick, dust-colored hair, which he tried to brush to one side with a flourish, barber fashion, but it refused to obey, and fell straight down over his enormous forehead, almost reaching his eyes. These were large, prominent and almost pretty. His voice, which was thin and high pitched, trembled a little as he read, and once it nearly broke. He tried to turn it

into a cough, but some of his classmates turned and stared at him, and he was conscious that he had not deceived them.

Presently the professor, in a very pleasant tone, said, "That's good ; the next—Mr. Stehman"—with the same rising inflection he had used before. From that moment he loved that soft-voiced professor.

Then as he took his seat and mopped his hot brow, he watched the next fellow rise and recite. He was a tall and well-developed man. His name was Stehman, and he boarded at the same eating-club with Stacy, who had heard it said of him that "he was at least sure of the scrub," though of what that meant he had no idea. But he wondered if he and Stehman would some day become great friends; he fancied what a fine thing it would be to walk along the campus, as he saw the upper-classmen, with his arm thrown carelessly about those broad shoulders.

When the division was dismissed, he noticed, as he went out into the hall, that Stehman and two or three others lingered by the stairs and joined in a hurried conversation. He couldn't hear what they were saying, as a crowd of juniors were singing as they went up the stairs, so he went over to join the group. They were planning about the proclamations. He only heard them say something about "procs." He didn't know what that meant ; they stopped talking when he came near, so he moved on.

He wondered why they didn't want him, and he wished that he could be free and easy, like the rest.

It was lunch time and he started for his eating-club at a slow pace, as was his way when he was blue. He had a jerky gait which caused the tails of his little cutaway coat to flap back and forth in a peculiar manner. His head also bobbed as if it was difficult to balance on so small a neck.

Stacy roomed and boarded down a narrow street at the home of an old friend of his mother's. He was the only roomer in the house, but there were about a dozen at the table. These fellows had been at the same preparatory

school together, and knew all about foot-ball, Sophomores, Procs., and a great deal about college life.

As Stacy didn't know any of them, and they all knew each other so well, he at first had that self-conscious sensation of friendlessness.—He had had the same feeling the first day he started at school. At the first meal or two he thought that he had better not say anything, because he did not want to be considered forward, but he endeavored to look pleasant and to seem interested in what was going on. He wanted them to understand that he was kindly disposed toward them all, so he continued to smile, but never entered into the conversation, which was generally concerning things he knew nothing of.

He intended to show, some time, that he could talk as well as any of them, but he never had quite sufficient courage to grasp the opportunity. He knew a great many jokes and anecdotes, and had often fancied himself relating them to his listening companions, but somehow real college life was not like Tom Brown or any of the books he had read. Indeed, he was beginning to despair of conforming the real to his ideal world. He was an imaginative boy, this large-eyed little fellow, and had queer little habits of "wondering" and "supposing," which he had amused himself with ever since childhood.

From the very first day, as he sat there at the end of the table, he would study the faces of his classmates—his companions to be for four long years, and "wonder" about them—what kind of parents and homes they had; what kind of books they loved; how many of them said their prayers at night, and every conceivable thing.

Most of all he used to wonder about that big fellow, Stehman, who was, besides being a promising foot-ball player, a quiet-mannered, fine-looking fellow, to whom the others at the table referred all matters concerning athletics, and whom they admired with true Freshman enthusiasm. To Stacy he was a hero from a book, to whom he supplied "great reserved force," "a checkered past," and many other

things that a quiet, thoughtful manner can, in fiction, signify.

From "wondering" he fell to "supposing";—that they two had become great friends, Stacy helping him in his studies, and he acting as Stacy's protector and so on, all leading to the eternal friendship he had always read of.

This day at lunch the conversation was chiefly about the "clapper." They spoke of getting it, getting caught, and other matters very puzzling to Stacy.

It seemed as if he had been at college a long time, and yet he was as little acquainted and as silent as the very first day. His messmates did not seem to expect him to talk, and when he asked, in his thin voice, for anything on the table, his neighbors would stop and look up at him, surprised, apparently, at hearing him speak. He hated to have them look at him in that way, so that he learned to eat his meat without salt, and drink his coffee without sugar.

To-day he felt especially friendless. There was a fat fellow next to him named Jones, who had a way of making jokes at which he himself laughed most heartily of all. When he did this, he would turn his laughing face towards Stacy, whose smile would turn into a laugh, as he thanked Jones inwardly for showing him so much attention. But to-day Jones looked at the fellow across the table instead, even though Stacy laughed as noisily as possible—so noisily, in fact, that the heavy-eye-browed little fellow with the curling mouth, who sat at the end of the table, frowned at him.

Stacy wondered why it was he couldn't join in with the rest and have a good time. He loved fun; he was never quiet at home. Why, at all the church sociables he was the very liveliest. He wondered what they would think of him if they saw him here. He smiled grimly as he remembered some friend of his mother's telling her how popular he would be at college. He asked himself the cause of his friendlessness. He decided that it must be that he had begun wrong. He would begin anew. If he could just

get to joking with the rest of them; if he could just tell one story, he thought that this would open the way.

This is what he was thinking as he watched Stehman leave the house for University Hall, with his arm on the shoulder of that little dark fellow.

That afternoon in recitation he decided that he would be silent no longer. He decided to begin that very evening, at dinner, and tell the story that the doctor at home had told, that time, about the little boy and the jam. That would be a pretty good one, he thought, for a starter.

When the recitation was over he lingered about the campus,—he had a way of doing that. He loved simply to look at the many fellows—he discovered new faces every day—and to examine the buildings and the different nooks and corners of the dear old campus.

The five o'clock bell was ringing. He thought that the whole university must be going or coming. There were Seniors, whose mortar-boards and dignified manner impressed him greatly, and as they passed by him he wondered if they were really unconscious of his existence. There were jolly Juniors, with all kinds of odd-looking caps. He knew that they were the allies of his own class, and he would have liked to have expressed his gratitude and admiration to each one as they passed.

A crowd of Sophomores came by,—*they* looked at him. They seemed to be looking through him, and he felt himself getting red. He tried not to look conscious. One of them said something that he could not hear, and the others all laughed and looked at him. It was soon over. Even this was better than being ignored entirely, he thought afterwards. Just then a professor came hurrying toward Dickinson Hall. Oh, it was the very one that he had had the letter of introduction to.—“Now,” he thought, “some one will speak to me.” But the professor looked at him in very much the same way that he looked at the stone-walk beneath his feet. He wondered at this. He went by Old

North. It looked cold. He didn't think he could love the old building as when he first saw it.

In front of Reunion, he saw a group of fellows who were jumping about and making a great noise. He walked over and saw that there were two men with derby hats and dress-suit cases in their hands, who had evidently just come from the train, surrounded by a group of friends, who were shaking their hands, hitting their hats, and shouting their greetings at the top of their voices. There was no doubt of the genuineness of *their* joy. It was written on their faces, as well as shouted out. He wondered at this.

When he first came up from the little railroad station and walked across the beautiful green campus, he wondered if it was possible that he was about to go amongst those old stately buildings and tall elms as one of those who belonged and had a right there, and do as many other college-men did—as many, many had done in the long years gone by. And now it did not seem as if he was not like the rest of them—no one liked him. But this evening he would tell his story—he told himself—and soon everything would be all right!

From that he fell to thinking of his room and his landlady, and how he was to get along with her. She had a peaked nose and very peculiar manner, which was the result of living in a university town—though he didn't know that—and he wondered if she would let him use her piano and sit down stairs in the evening, like the doctor did at his aunt's home. Then he wondered if his little low-ceilinged room with the blue curtains would ever look like the pictures he had seen of rooms. It was very scantily furnished and had a musty smell,—caused by its three months of darkness during the summer,—mixed occasionally with a smell of cooking dinner. He could not help comparing it to his cozy, though inexpensive, room at home, and from that he could not resist thinking of the library and the scene that he knew every evening was enacted there, with father and mother and the girls around the fire. He could even fancy he smelled the

comfortable odor of the rows of books mixed with the smell of the fire. But all that had nothing to do with college, and he never let himself dwell on these comparisons.

He watched three Seniors walking towards the front campus. Would he ever learn to know some of them? Just to think of talking with Seniors! He had seen their schedule in the catalogue—"Ethics, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, History of Philosophy." "How difficult they must be!" he thought. And to think that some day he would be a Senior! He wondered if he would walk with that slouchy gait that nearly all upper-classmen had. Of one thing he felt quite sure, and that was that he would be kind to some Freshman, and always smile and speak to him. But, then, perhaps they would not want *him* to—he would always be the same friendless—but no; just wait until he told his story at dinner, then all would be right.

He had been standing there, leaning against one of the elms in front of Reunion, he didn't know how long. The bell on Old North was ringing again. He must have been there nearly an hour, but no one seemed to have noticed him.

He started down the walk towards his room. As he turned down the narrow street, three little muckers called out, "Hello dere, Freshman." He was not angry, but he wondered how they knew he was a Freshman, and why even they were against him.

He was a little excited when dinner time came. Every one seemed to be very talkative that evening, they were all full of foot-ball; he wondered when he would get a chance to say what he wanted to; it would take but a little while, just to tell this one the first time, and then to-morrow, or soon, tell another, and then get a joke on some of the fellows, and so on, and soon be on easy terms with them all, and be as lively and as much liked as any.

Everytime there was a momentary pause in the conversation, he knew he ought to begin, but always felt relieved

when someone began to talk again. At last dessert was nearly over. His chance was almost gone.

They were all busy talking or listening, but somehow he felt as it was now or never—but how could he do it?—almost without willing it, he was saying in his thin voice, “Say, fellows”—and then he checked himself and turned it into “say, Jones, please hand me the butter.” He was greatly scared, but his voice had been too low for anyone to hear it, and when he looked up, in his usual smiling way, no one, apparently, was aware of his existence up there at the end of the table.

Then he thought he should try again. Could he, before all those faces—cruel faces, he thought they were—sit there and talk alone—have them all listen to his voice?

The knives and forks were clattering, and the voices were sounding as noisily—as uninterruptedly as ever. He decided to wait until another time.

Jesse Lynch Williams.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

GLEANINGS ABOUT GOWNS.

—“He comes! behold him
Wrapt in his mantling gown, that round him flows,
Waving as Cesar's toga did enfold him.”

In these lines Byron has expressed the antiquity of the custom; for as nearly as can be traced it is one of the oldest in academic history.

In Athens, we are told, as early as the Antonines, the university students “wore an official dress, black in color, which distinguished them from all beside;” and as long as these seats of learning flourished, this dress was rigidly adhered to, the only change made being in the color—from black to white—at the suggestion, says Philostratus, of the learned and munificent Herodes Atticus, who himself defrayed the expense of the change, declaring, “While I live ye shall never lack white robes.”

During the Middle Ages learning was so closely connected with religion that it is difficult to separate the habit of a monk from that of a scholar; but allusions in Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer seem to prove that it was a long, loose robe, generally black, sometimes violet or scarlet, with a loose, pointed hood instead of a cap. In the Ellesmere Manuscript of Chaucer, the Clerk of Oxenford is pictured in a surcoat, or, to use the expression of the poet, an overest courtepy of dark violet. In 1507, Richard Hutton became provost of Kings College, Cambridge, and Hateher writes of him that “because this man was of so high a color he would seldom wear his scarlet gown.” Spenser also alludes to

“The scholar learned in gowne clad,”

and Shakespeare mentioned the custom very frequently, but seems to take for granted its antiquity and general prevalence. In the history of the University of Cambridge, published at

London in 1815, there is a series of plates showing the gowns worn by the candidates for the different degrees, "according to ancient custom," as a note tells us. Caps and gowns are still worn at both the great English Universities and many of the schools and smaller colleges, a fine being in most cases imposed on all who appear without them. The etiquette as to their usage also is strict and complicated, a short, open gown being worn by candidates for the Bachelor's Degree, and a longer, closer-fitting one is used by the Masters. The cap is never removed from the head in bowing; touching it with the hand and inclining the head is all that is deemed necessary. The tassel is always worn on the left side, front, &c., &c.

The history of the custom thus veiled in obscurity, and only to be gathered through scattered hints in Europe, is much clearer and more exact in the New World. Caps and gowns were first worn in America at Harvard, in 1760, and the laws of the college, published in 1798, provide that every candidate for a degree shall wear a black gown. One of the earliest cuts of the college buildings shows students in gowns, the Freshmen with their caps doffed, as was required by law in the presence of upper-classmen. The custom was soon after taken up at Princeton, dominated as it was by the sturdy conservatism of Witherspoon's "old country" notions.

In 1768 the following rule was adopted by the trustees: "All officers and students of Nassau Hall shall appear uniformly habited in a proper collegiate black gown and square cap."

In 1807, a report of a committee on the subject regrets the inattention of the students to the laws regarding the use of gowns on public occasions, and urges the faculty to set them a good example by appearing themselves in gowns. "For many years," says Dr. Maclean, "the students were required to wear black gowns at all services in the college chapel and at all public declamations." As late as 1830, they were worn at the meetings of the Halls,

and in 1838 no member of the faculty ever appeared in chapel without his gown. Even as late as 1878 the students graduated in them.

Thus we find the custom more ancient than the most cherished of our traditions, and sanctioned by the approval of many brilliant minds. The Princeton student's neglect of dress has become so excessive as to be proverbial, and the revival of the cap and gown is a step in the right direction. Let us then encourage those who have so sensibly begun a reform so greatly needed; and to those who through fear of public ridicule—the most contemptible of all fears—decline to wear it, let us repeat the words of Iago:

"For shame, put on your gown."

Alonzo Church.

"TO PLAGUE MIN."—In the evening the old man came down to visit the two campers, and they all three sat around the cheerful fire and smoked pipes. The monotonous bubbling of the brook and whining purr of burning pine furnished a sweet, soothing accompaniment for old Hiram's low voice—rendered soft and musical by the many years in that isolated valley, far removed from the din and dirt of civilization—as he told tales of his early days, about "eight-pronged bucks," the fight with the "panter" that made three "spangs" at him, and even of more serious conflicts, for those were rough times—before the war.

There was a colored-ware plate near the fire; they had served their trout for supper on it. Several times during his talk the old man had gazed at this, leaning his head back and seeming to sight at it through his glasses with his good eye.

Noting his look, and thinking that he understood what was back of it, one of the young men said, "Hiram, would you like to take this plate back to the house with you?" picking it up and handing it to him as he spoke.

A curious expression of keen joy flitted across the old wrinkled and grizzled face.

"Do ye cal'ate you can spar it, Bawb?"—said with the modulating go-up-and-come-down-again intonation of the mountaineer.

He had arisen now from his seat of a pine log, and was buttoning his old-fashioned coat preparatory to starting for home.

There was a patriarchal air of benignance about his tall old figure which three-quarters of a century had failed to bend more than it had the storm-tried pines amongst which he had been raised. He moved his head back and forth as he examined the plate at arm's length, and with the other hand shielding his face from the fire-light.

The plate was made in the design of a huge oak leaf, with a handle of the stem. It was green, mixed with a yellowish tint, and made of the cheap stuff which dealers call *majolika*.

"Wall, now, if she won't be tickled. She see it this afternoon when she come by with the oxen, whilst you-uns was fishin' up Stone Crick, an' the way that gurl 'postulated over this 'ere dish. She 'lowed 's how she'd cal'ate, says she, to bring you-uns milk every morning if you-uns 'd make her a present of that purty dish, or do mos' anything for you-uns."

The old man held out his big, strong hand to them both and said good-night, after sincerely thanking them in his low, soothing voice.

As he turned to go he suddenly stopped and stooped over and picked up a newspaper, which had been used to start the fire. The young men could not see his face, as the bright fire-light was in their eyes, but they heard his low, chuckling laugh.

"I'm plannin' to plague Min," he said, in answer to their questioning, and at the same time carefully wrapping the plate in paper, "an' tell her 's how you-uns sent it up as a present for her ma."

With that he started off with that long, slow stride of the mountaineer, the speed of which is so deceptive.

As he reached the edge of the clearing his two friends again heard his low laugh on the still night air.

Many a time in the old days, when coming home at night, he had heard, high up on Broad Mountain, the startling scream of the wildcat, whose cry would be echoed and answered from Bear Meadows mountain. Indeed, it was on this same narrow road—which he himself had made—that he had had the experience with the panther. But to-night all was still, not even a whip-poor-will sounded his wierd whistle.

Two years previous the old weather-beaten cabin, with its thatched roof and wide porch, had burned to the ground. The new house, with its gable roof and plastered ceiling, was built across the run, on higher ground. Its new, yellow pine boards and brick chimney were strangely out of accord with the natural surroundings. It looked especially so in the moonlight.

But old Hiram was not looking at the exterior. Through the kitchen window Min could be seen, seated near the stove, busily engaged upon a dress with a figure of white and red flowers. She was going to wear this at the promised celebration of the Fourth of July, at Huntington.

Her mother had gone to bed, but she *always* sat up for her father. She did not hear her father's step, she was so accustomed to it, and it was not until her father crossed the room and laid his hand upon her shoulder, that she arose and gave him his rocking-chair. She would never dream of remaining in his painted chair after he entered the room.

"What speed had they-uns fishin', pap?"

She had not turned her eyes from her work as she got up and moved her sewing to another chair, nor did she notice the paper parcel on the table.

"Oh, a good-bit-middlin'-fair luck, I reckon," he responded absently, as he leaned his head back and fixed his gaze fondly upon her, as she struck a match for the pipe he was filling.

Neither spoke again until the girl, in glancing up, saw her father poking his thumb down the bowl of his pipe. (This was a sure sign that his good-night smoke was nearly finished.) Then she put aside her sewing and stood before the old man, with her arms folded.

She was a tall, strong girl of about twenty years. Her straight features expressed something of the indefinable, wild freedom of the mountains in which she was born, but without the softening which time had given her father. When she spoke her tones were clear, but without the music of her father's.

"Pap, 'pears to *me* as how some folks es I know 's had three sick spells in the winter and two more hitches in the spring, not to speak of rheumatiz all year 'round, hadn't ought 'o be so goll darn recklous and sit outdoors all night in a July dew, leastwise that's the way it 'pears to *me*."

The old man smoked on in silence.

In glancing up to see what effect her words had produced her eyes caught sight of the object wrapped in a newspaper on the table. "What's that aire you've got, Pap?" she asked.

The old man shifted his legs, but made no reply.

She strode across the room and began to unwrap the package.

Hiram did not turn his head, but he heard the paper rustling and then—a silence. He peeped out of the side of his glasses at her an instant, and then turned his attention again to the pipe and chuckled softly to himself.

"Well, Min, aint that 'aire a powerful fine dish—hey?" he asked.

But she paid no attention to him.

Then again, after a short pause, "Right kind in them boys, wern't it, Min, to send that purty dish as a present fur your ma—"

He heard the plate clatter as Min dropped it on the table.

"Be cheerful, Min, don't break that dish! Don't you think it's a awful fine present, Min?" he asked, with his head still averted.

Min started for the door.

"Good-night, Pap. Reckon I'll wear that new dress o' mine when I go to the Fourth in comp'ny with Josh King. Good-night."

"Come back, Min, I aint heerd you opine on this 'ere dish o' yer ma's. Did you ever see anything 's purty ez that—hey?" he said as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Kind of 'em weren't it?"

Min stood half in and half out of the door, with her black eyes upon the object of discussion. "Oh, it's right tolerable, but I low 's I know some folks es 'd ruther a heap sight go to the fourth with Josh King than have a room-full o' dishes. And what's more," she added, "wear a bran new dress, too!"

"Jes 's you say," said the old man, rising and starting for the door. "I'm goin' up now, so good-night, Minnie, but I cal'ate you'd better put that aire dish we's speakin' of in your treasury alongside yer album, and—"

"PAP!"

The old man laughed outright. "Course you don't *hev* to onless yer hankerin'. Good-night, Min."

Jesse Lynch Williams.

THE HYPERION.—This prose work of the poet should be read by a roaring fire after the evening shadows have fallen around us, to be enjoyed. Longfellow's charming novel fell into my hands years ago, when my books were few, and, as a result, was read and re-read with ever-increasing delight. Books we read in our boyhood lingers, like a charm and perfume from another world in the background of our memory forever. A lad, who has the good fortune to read "The Scottish Chiefs" can never forget the brave Wallace. He sees him often walking proudly, with his nodding plume and mighty sword. The busy, roaring world cannot wholly dispel his image. It flits to and fro

across the stream of life "Till it pours in full cataract o'er the grave."

Longfellow's novel is a romance. Through it runs a deep undertone of sadness; if it was written in verse, it would be an epic.

The wandering of Paul Fleming recalls the wandering of Virgil's hero, who carried in his ships the conquered Penates, seeking in a new land, under a fairer and serener sky, the civil and religious liberty that was denied him in the old. But Paul's household gods scattered, he turns his back on his home, and wanders sad-hearted not in the new, but in the old world, striving to forget the loss of that "blue-eyed flower," which had blossomed a few short years by his side. The one sought a home, the other left one. Paul Fleming is also a dreamer and scholar. Every echo, legend and ruined castle of the great river of Germany was known to him. He loved to dwell on the past, to call up the dim figures of bygone times. Thus the style takes on an old-time flavor.

The poet's love of German literature is shown on every page. His translations from the German are perfect gems. He was happy in catching not only the thought, but also the spirit of the poems. Observe these verses from Uhland's "Ballad of the Black Knight:"

"So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me."

Again :

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river."

It is this love for German poetry that marks all the writings of Longfellow. It is a strong sidelight on his character.

The rugged Carlyle is the only English writer of note, who has shown the same love for German literature.

Hyperion bears the mark of other times. In reading it we wander in the dim twilight of fancy. It gives us pictures of hooded monks and ruined castles. True, it is a love story, but ever the lofty spirit is sustained; for it is a story of rejected love. Mary Ashburton's heart had remained unmoved by the presence of the stranger.

The chief charm of the book is in the fact, that back of the book stands the man—Longfellow, our greatest poet. The loving character of the poet stands out on every page. It is a story of his own wandering, when a young man, in Europe. Part of the book is devoted to criticism of men and letters. Some of his thoughts are famous:

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

"In the second part of Goethe's Faust there is a grand and striking scene, where, in the classical Walpurgis night, the mocking Mephistopheles sits down between the solemn antique Sphinxes, and boldly questions them and reads their riddles. The red light of innumerable watch-fires glares all round about, and shines on the terrible face of the arch-scoffer. Even thus does a scoffing and unbelieving Present sit down between an unknown Future, and a too believing Past, and questions and challenges the gigantic forms of faith, half buried in the sands of time."

Longfellow has ever been the people's friend. It is said, that by his bust in the Poets' Corner, in that great Abbey, where England is wont to gather her best and bravest sons, one frequently finds bunches of fresh flowers, cut not from the costly green-houses of the rich, but bunches of humble flowers as are sold at hundreds of flower-stands on the London streets.

Praise from many a lip unknown

"Shall greet him, like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown."

Charles Irvin Truby.

WHERE NATURE REIGNS.—To wander in the woods on a beautiful June morning while the dew is yet on the grass; to recline at ease on a mossy knoll, watching the sunlight as it sifts through the tree-tops, is an experience which baffles description. The far-reaching silence is broken now and then by the deep rap-rap-rap of a woodpecker, or by the shrill cry of a hawk wheeling about in search of prey; by the harsh cawing of the crow overhead; by the purring of the brook and the rustling of the boughs; by the lazy hum of the insects, as they rise from the ground and slowly fly away. The sweetness of the wind flower, as it nods to and fro on its fragile stem, is wafted to your nostrils. The drowsy stillness almost lulls you to sleep; you are awakened by a noisy clatter overhead, and, looking up, you see a squirrel jumping from bough to bough and chattering fiercely, while, almost in reach, stands a rabbit anxiously looking at you, and thinking of her young. Everywhere is nature as God made it, unmarred by the hand of man.

The day advances; the birds seek shade; the woods, which a short time before were filled with the voices of nature, become as silent as the grave. But to the listening ears of her lovers she still speaks to them in a thousand different languages, with soft and dreamy murmurings, full of the poetry of her handiwork, but mixed, also, with a sigh that man should so little understand her. But to those few who understand and love her she opens a new world of wonders. She shows them treasured secrets, her laws by which she governs, and her manifold treasures. But she has no greater wonder to show you than the woods, those cathedrals, whose roofs are interwoven boughs, letting the checkered sunlight stream through them, whose pillars are the huge trunks of trees, beautified by her rude carvings. But most beautiful of all are her rich tapestries, the hanging vines and mosses which trail themselves down from the highest limbs with unstudied grace. Here is nature at her

best, but, blind fools that we are, we look at her only with mercenary eyes, to see how much we may take from her bounty, until at last, sickened by our eager desires, she withdraws herself into the shadows of the deeper woods. Here, beneath the swaying branches of the forest monarchs that look down on centuries, she rests, and dreams of by-gone days, until the ring of the axe is heard, and then once more she calls her children about her and wanders further away.

Harold G. Murray.

SERENADE.

Love is a woman with soul-full eyes,
Love is the sun of the human skies,
Love is the warmth of nature's heart,
Love is of life the noblest part.

H. F. Covington.

FREDERIC BROKAW

The Class of '92 mourns deeply the death of Frederic Brokaw. His nobility and kindness of heart made him a friend to all, and made all his friends. It is a personal grief that each man in the class bears in his heart and a sense of loss which is irreparable.

We have been bereaved, but sweet memories of him that is gone shall ever linger around the name of Princeton, and we shall remember Fred Brokaw as one whose manly qualities of mind and heart made him nobly brave in life and grandly heroic in death, sacrificing his own life, radiant with promise for the future, that another might live. We rejoice in the Christian character of the man, and see in such action the best expression of the principles of his life.

Although we feel the inadequacy of formal resolution in expressing the depth of our sorrow and sympathy, for words fail to express the feelings of the heart; yet be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family, sending them a copy of this resolution. That this resolution be sent also to the *Princetonian*, *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and the New York papers.

LAWRENCE A. YOUNG, Chairman,
J. RUFUS BESSEN,
ARTHUR BROWN,
JOHN B. KOUWENHOVEN,
BOWDRE PHINIZY.

EDITORIALS.

FREDERIC BROKAW.

WE FEEL a natural desire to add one little word to the almost universal praise which has been bestowed on this the latest of Princeton's heroes. His action was not only a noble attempt to save life, but an example of which all his friends are proud, and an incentive to all Princeton men to the best endeavor in every sphere of life. We would add also our little to the sympathy everywhere extended to his bereaved family.

THE LITERARY COLLEGE JOURNAL.

THE FIRST literary college publications were very different from those of to-day. They were not conducted on any particular plan, nor did they occupy the distinctive place in college journalism and literature at large that they now hold. They were heavy and uninteresting, filled with wordy essays, generally in praise of some well known historical or literary character. And these essays contained nothing whatever that could not be found in more pleasing form elsewhere. Moreover, they did but little to develop and improve the writer. It does not require much literary ability to write even the better grade of college essay, while it does require considerable literary ability—not by any means necessarily fully developed—to construct and finish off a good story, or sketch, or short poem. Besides, the essay is not so modern, nor so interesting.

For years these heavy publications were the only form of college journalism. Then there appeared a tendency to the insertion of current events. Indeed, one is almost

tempted to think that it must have been necessary to their continued existence to do this, for the "literary" part was hardly interesting to any one, to say the least.

The next step was the development of the college newspaper. Some five or ten years ago the tendency in all colleges seemed to be toward the multiplication of newspapers. It looked somewhat as if literary journalism in college was destined to die out. But a change was coming over the college "Lits." More stories and sketches appeared, and fewer essays. As a consequence, purely literary publications, as distinct from newspapers, gained ground in all colleges, until now the literary monthly, or semi-monthly, is as common as the newspaper. Indeed, only in this way could it have survived at all.

Speaking of "the tendency to do away with all trite, uninteresting essays and forced pretence of classical learning, and the substitution of more sketches, pleasing stories and lyrical poems," an editorial in an old number of the *Lit.* says: "No magazine can gain strength which fails to interest or please its reader, and that one will succeed which causes the reader to look forward to its perusal without summing up extra courage. Besides, it requires more real literary ability to create a well-developed story, or even short sketch, and to present it in graceful style, than to write a staid biographical or historical essay too often full of meaningless terms and phrases. To write a deep and interesting essay on an historical subject, requires a master mind and years of study, and so, naturally enough, the student's comparatively limited knowledge of what he is doing, makes the production devoid of real authority and interest. Let the collegian * * * express his own ideas; let him treat of subjects that will interest and please his readers, and he will gain more literary strength and power than by praising to the stars a hundred great men's deeds."

And not only has the college literary magazine gained in a material and financial way by this change, but it has gained, also, more influence, and a more distinct place and

function in the literary world at large. The present tendency of fiction seems to be toward the development of the short story or sketch. Without discussing the question whether this tendency is a good or bad one, we would merely point out the fact that no better training school for this sort of work than the college "Lit." could be found. Far be it from us to claim that every year these "Lits." turn loose upon the country, to work their will on an innocent public, hundreds of well-trained, able story-writers; but it must be patent to all that, if a man really has literary ability and cares to work on that line while in college, these same literary magazines may be of much service to him in rubbing off the raw edges and jagged corners from style, and method of construction.

The distinctively literary college journal has, then, its own well-defined place and function. It should, we think, devote most of its open space to stories and lyrical verse, keeping, of course, some place for undergraduate ideas and critical thought in the essay form. Of course, in a college large enough, and rich enough, to support more than one publication devoted mainly to literary productions, a more or less natural and advisable differentiation is to be expected. In such a case, one of them can devote more space to essays, if need be. So much the better; that college is the more fortunate; but that is not the same thing as saying that the essay is the most desirable form of college literary work. The lighter form is better. This ought they to do, and not to leave the other undone. So, for both literary and financial reasons, it were better, in most colleges, that the "Lits." pay less attention to the essay than to lighter productions.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

WHEN professionalism gets a place in any branch of athletics, that branch of athletics loses influence. It no longer numbers, among its votaries, a hearty and en-

thusiastic audience of persons of standing and reputation, of business, professional and society people, but the seats are filled more with a line of individuals, who themselves work in some athletic way for hire, or are present for speculation on the result of the contest. Professionalism is a death-blow to sportsmanship. It is the one saving thing, for college athletics, that they be pure. It is the one great balance, in their favor, that college athletes train and toil and undergo sacrifices for the admiration for the manly games, for the love of physical exercise and the hope of final success. The audience look on such a contest with a confidence that the men are doing their best, and that the laurels will be lost or won to the one that deserves it. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that such interest inheres in every important college athletic contest. It comes not from the bald fact that the contestants are from great institutions alone, but from the fact that the people know the issue will be fair, the struggle frank and candid, and they can depend on it that there is no hireling within the camp who will work slovenly or deceitfully. The very success of amateur athletic life comes from the popular confidence in the parties engaged. It is believed that the men who have to fight will fight, for they fight for manliness from manliness, and for courage from courage, and with no remuneration but the enjoyment of the game, the applause from the seats and the final issue.

It is sometimes a matter of wonder to outsiders why football has not become a great national professional game in this country. But to a college man the reason is simple. It is true that there are a vast number of college graduates who could form a strong organization if they so desired. But they do not so desire, for they are college graduates. They have been drilled in the school of amateurism, and they would not or could not turn their backs upon that college sentiment which says, "a college man is a man even in athletics, and not a slave."

Or it might be inferred that the game could be started composed of "material" from outside sources. But such is not the case, we believe. No doubt men could be gotten tall enough and wide enough and thick enough for a rush line, and fleet enough for the backs, but that is only a small part after all. It is one thing to have "material," and another to know how to work it up. There are foot-ball tactics and policies as much as there are military manœuvres; and besides, foot-ball cannot be born full-grown, no matter whence the source. The one main secret of college foot-ball excellence comes, among other things, from its comparatively long existence. There are college graduates and alumni who have played foot-ball, and who know well the science, and are willing to return and "coach" their college teams. Whether or not this be carrying athletics too far we are not discussing, but it is manifest that a National Professional Foot-ball Association without a college origin would have none of this. Thus in the most essential part, the matter of drill, it would be hopelessly and lifelessly deficient. And such an association, it would seem from present circumstances, is hardly a matter of possibility.

College athletes to-day hold the amateur fort, and, so long as they act with a pure patriot zeal, so long as college sentiment, and public sentiment too, continue to demand that only college men, in every sense of the word, engage in college contests, so long will their banners fly and foot-ball hold the reputation of being the most manly of modern olympics.

FIRE-ESCAPES.

IT IS usually supposed that bodily safety is to be considered before matters of mere adornment in the construction of buildings. In other words, the security of foundation and carefulness in superstructure are paramount

to exterior or interior decorations. The most beautiful structure in the world, from an aesthetic point of view, could be easily adjudged inadequate were its walls rickety and its towers liable to totter. Most men would rather dwell in a hovel under the sweet consciousness that they are free from danger, and that their life was safe from harm than abide in a gorgeous palace where the opposite emergency was probable. Esthetics should give way to personal safety, is the point we are impressing.

On the lower part of our campus is one of the handsomest and most substantial buildings of Princeton. But in one of the most patent essentials it is found wanting, and that is the matter of fire-escapes. That Dod Hall should remain so long without adequate protection in this way is rather surprising. Possibly the delay has been unintentional or accidental. At any rate, it is worthy of notice, for where a body of men are occupying a dormitory from which there is but one avenue of escape, viz., by a wooden stairway, the loss of life in case of fire, which is always liable to occur, would be not inconsiderable.

THE "TIGER."

THE first year of the resurrected *Tiger* has been in every way a success. The initial number of the second volume, which has just appeared, gives promise of still better things for the future. The first year was necessarily an experiment, both in a financial and an editorial way. At the start the faculty were very cautious about sanctioning its publication, but events have justified the action then taken. For a time, after their consent had been obtained, there remained some doubt as to the existence in college of enough ability of the required kind. But little by little the board increased the standard of excellence, and placed the paper on a firmer business basis, until now there should be no reasonable doubt that the

continued existence of the "*Tiger*" is fully assured. We think the college is to be congratulated on the possession of a publication that compares so favorably with others of its kind.

TO NINETY-THREE.

WE CANNOT urge too much upon the class of ninety-three the necessity of contributing to the literary magazine of the college. Besides the personal benefit accruing to the contributors, the reputation of their class demands that it do much better work and make a much better showing than it has done. The attempts have been, for the most part, desultory, and, as a rule, below the past standard of the *Lit.* We urge all those who would like to become editors of the next board to begin work at once. If anyone thinks that he can secure a position by inferior work he is mistaken. And we would say that, though it would be a matter to be regretted, yet if more general interest is not manifested by the Junior Class we will not feel compelled to name the full board of six as our successors, but a smaller number selected from those who have done regular and systematic work from the beginning.

In suggesting the character of the work, don't mistake ponderosity for an essay; a series of running incidents bound lightly together, but without plot, for a story, or artificial jingle and rhyme for a poem. Always strive to be as original as possible in what you select to say, and to say it from as new a point of view as possible. It is only in this way that the magazine can hope to maintain a high grade of excellence.

GOSSIP.

"Welcome, my old friend, * * *"

—*Longfellow.*

"Go rose, since you must—
Flowerless and chill the winter draweth nigh.
Closed are the blithe and fragrant lips which made
All summer long perpetual melody.
Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid;
Will there not be more roses—by and by?"

—*Susan Coolidge.*

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her first standard, which is still the same."

—*Pope.*

THE Gossip is well aware that his selection of quotations this time is varied—almost as varied as the assortment of yarns he has been hearing from his friends during the past three or four weeks—but he takes refuge in the threadbare proverb about variety and the spice of life, feeling sure that its old age will be respected.

The American nation deserves great credit for its use of the word "Fall." Our kin across the sea do not use the term as we do. Even though a little word, and at most times common, our particular use of it renders it a jewel in that legacy of nations, both dead and living—the English language. We make it a word with something of a regret in it, with a memory clinging to it, and withal the quiet bearer of a sweet and subtle hope. Though the summer colors have left the gardens and fields, and though the flowers have faded and lie shattered on the brown earth as if some rude hand had shaken the bushes; though the leaves are slowly ripening into the richness and brilliancy of the purple and gold, and red, and other deeper maturer colors of tawny autumn, still there is a promise in all this mysterious change, for

"Will there not be more roses—by and by?"

Indolent, light-hearted summer has fled, gathering in her broidered skirts, fled until Sol once more shall pause near us and smile, and where he pausing smiles, God has planted flowers. And who doubts of Sol's return?

With the fall term, the beginning of another college year, goes the resuming of our college ways. One of our individualities has been manifested already. We have been to the closet in our dens and have raked out our "old togs" from the débris of the thousand and one odd

things that have calmly been gathering a summer's dust in our absence. There's no use talking about it, to be happy one must be comfortable, and who is more comfortable than when in "old togs?" First come the corduroys. Look at that pair! There's the rip we got in the knee when we stumbled and fell going down to Edwards one night last winter. We wished the Powers That Be had already occupied the seats which a popular song says they have reserved in a warmer clime. 'Twas unkind of us, because really it wasn't their fault. [By the way, how thankful we should be for the recent internal whiting of the sepulchre! It looks as different as the scaffolding on the top of Witherspoon looks the same.] Returning to the corduroys—there's the place where the waiter at the club upset some coffee, remarking, in a half apologetic, half sympathetic tone, that it would "all come out in the wash." Those corduroys tell tales. As with things more animate, their wounds, though healed, leave scars.

Secondly, a sweater is another indispensable in the "old togs" line.

I have noticed that some men, to avoid the transition period of a white sweater's life, have adopted the black one. The latter, gentlemen, is a usurper, a colored immigrant, and deserves no vote! As for the other, it may be white as snow when we first pull it on, but a month or two of steady wear will reduce its albedo to nearly zero. Then it will be fashionable, and at least in keeping with the weather, for which even the campus cross-roads chronic pessimist ought to be thankful. Harmony between nature and man should be one of the primary laws of existence. The reason the rose is a blushing red is not as some would have us believe, on account of the many strange things done *under it*, but because nature wishes to teach a lesson, especially to her daughters, womankind. She wishes them to have color in their cheeks—mark you, not on their cheeks—like the flowers they wear in their bosoms. It is the sign of health, that best of heaven's gifts, whose presence and influence are like a nimbus to its possessor.

True, there are white roses and yellow roses, but they do not add to a garden the color and life of their crimson sisters, and women were meant, I believe, to be red roses, rich and warm and true. In any case, whether ye be roses cream or crimson, or if ye be only "weeds in the garden of God" O ye sons and daughters of men, be natural! That is my point.

Naturalness is the keystone of art, of fiction, of poetry. There is in a certain gallery a picture of two lost dogs. The scene is wintry; the dogs are standing huddled together for warmth in the midst of a bleak and snow-drifted moor. Visitors have gazed at the pathetic faces of the two animals, involuntarily listening for their moaning cry. Such a picture moves you because it is natural. In fiction the startling stories attract for a while, and in poetry some things are kept as curiosities, but only the simple, the life-like, the natural live through their intrinsic

power. Why, then, should we, for whom art and literature exist, not also cultivate that quality?

I have in my mind's eye a delicate, laundried summer girl. She is afraid of the sun; she dare not go out save in the evening, because daylight doesn't suit her complexion; she doesn't play tennis, nor row, nor bathe—excuse me, I mean swim—because, you know, it might tan her face and hands.

As if in summer time pretty brown hands were less acceptable than the same in immaculate, touch-me-not white.

I like a face that shows it's not afraid to laugh back at the sunlight; I like a hand that looks as if it had not been kept in a scented glove-box all its life.

My delicate friend, with ivory fingers and coral nails, you were not made only to be looked at. And you men with affectations, shame on you! Drop them, pray! for, after all, it's the natural individuality that charms. Life's too short for tinselled imitations. He who of all our poets best knew his fellow-men, indeed did say that the world's a stage, and we the players, but no one was more conscious than he of the fact that we were "made up" by other than human hands long 'ere we ever stepped before the footlights.

Nothing in nature was made for looks, and least of all was man! So let's be natural, and frame our judgments by nature's first standard, knowing that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

But "nuff sed!" With the base-ball championship on our hands and the foot-ball laurels to win back, we can afford to abruptly change the subject.

What a game that last June one was! How it brought out human nature! There were those who were excited before the game was commenced; were almost frantic during the game, and at its close were *pro tem.* physical wrecks. On the other hand, there were some present who, when a home-run was hit and the runner forgot to touch the plate as he came in, and all the stands were fluttering masses of excited orange or anxious blue, calmly sharpened their pencils to make a note on their score-cards, and then, without rising, as calmly added up the columns. Such cold-bloodedness was exasperating. The Gossip forgot himself, and was unloyal to the Orange for once—he uttered winged words of blue! Then there were old gray-haired alumni who hadn't seen a base-ball game since they graduated, and they were as much worked up as we younger spectators. Human nature is like murder, it will out; and the alumnus who doesn't tingle with excitement when the other side are a run ahead, or who doesn't itch to get down on the diamond and line the ball out of the reach of gravitation when the bases are full, does not deserve the title of alumnus.

And when the game is over and the winning portion of the spectators have ceased throwing

"their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation—"

when the Hoffman and the Fifth Avenue are gay, especially then does one see individual human nature. Centuries ago, before New York and Intercollegiate Championships were dreamed of, someone bluntly expressed the idea thus :

" Some men are drunk, and, being drunk, will fight;
Some men are drunk, and, being drunk, are merry;
Some men are drunk, and secrets bring to light;
Some men are drunk, and, being drunk, are sorry.
Thus may we see that drunken men have passions,
And drunkenness hath many foolish fashions."

Verily, 'tis a foolish fashion, and has no rational explanation, and that probably, is its most foolish part!

Most of us haven't met since that game, when we shouted our emulation as Princeton won the championship. But here we are once more, ready to encourage the old tiger to carry another foot-ball between his teeth from a Thanksgiving battle-ground. Go ahead, old fellow, we'll back you.

But as the Gossip has been grasping classmates' hands in welcome again, he has thought of one whose honest palm he shook in congratulation early in the summer. It proved to be for the last time. I cannot close without a word about him who did so much to win the banner for the Orange and the Black, and only a word is needed. Eulogies are unnecessary for one whom we knew so well. Manliness and limitless pluck are qualities which college men most admire, and through these two traits in his character Fred Brokaw met his end. Princeton in her athletic circles may miss his physical powers and skill; we, his classmates and the college, feel the loss of an honest heart; we mourn the death of a true and noble man.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires:
Song, letters, State-craft shared his years in turn,
All went to feed the nation's altar fires
Whose mourning children wreath his funeral urn."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

LOWELL'S name has been much on the lips of men during the summer. Many anecdotes relating to his personality and life have been recalled. Words of heartfelt love and deepest gratitude have been spoken over the grave of a great man—great in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, no less great in the opinion of his many and true friends in another country.

Some men have not thoroughly appreciated Lowell as an American or as a literary man. All who are candid must admit that his influence was untiringly exerted toward bringing the two countries, between which for so many years his ministerial duties lay, into a closer, a more friendly contact. About all this influence there was so much dignity and simplicity that he won the admiration of both these nations, each of which is so apt to underestimate that which the other approves.

In many ways Lowell reminds us of Washington Irving. Each of them was loved by England as well as by America, each has done a remarkable work in removing deep-rooted feelings of enmity, in softening that too critical spirit which has been never quite wanting between our mother and ourselves. A few uncharitable persons found fault with Irving on the ground that, having proven false to his own land, he had become an Englishman instead. With even less reason, perhaps, this accusation has been brought against Lowell. They who have loved and admired him make no such charges, but believe that he was first of all an American; that to him his land was the noblest of all countries; that, to borrow his own expression, America was "in" him, a part of his very nature. His graceful essays show very plainly his manly, true American spirit. He was not willing to bear patronage from any quarter. The Englishman may look upon our civilization as crude, upon ourselves as title-less and vulgar, but to him and to all who are of the true stock there is a dignity of pride in our high descent from forefathers who "sacrificed everything to plant their idea on virgin soil." "There was never colony save this," says he, "that went forth not to seek gold but God."

No man ever held a greater contempt for that tendency of modern society to ape the Englishman, to compromise the spirit of independence, which is the American's birth-right, to cherish affectation in talk and walk and life.

Altogether a patriot, James Russell Lowell's idea was not bounded by the two oceans, the Great Lakes and the Gulf. He took a broader view than that. He was not willing to close his eyes and ears to that which might seem creditable to other countries than his own. He was able rather to commend the good wherever it presented itself to him. Call not this the spirit of disloyalty, my critical though patriotic friend. Go thou, follow an example so worthy of imitation. Assert thine own manhood, believing that thine is the grandest of all countries, thine a nobler descent than any line of kings, but remember that other lands have their place in the world, be generous enough to see and to love the good wherever thou shalt find it, and admit—for it must be admitted—that even in free America we have not as yet attained unto perfection.

England and America are getting to be more charitable one to the other,—more as they ought to be,—and this growing sentiment is largely due to the influence of such men as Lowell.

As a distinctively literary man, Mr. Lowell's range was wide. He is well known as a poet, an essayist, a critic, an orator. His graceful style, his genial, never failing humor have made him a great favorite with his readers. To him, very largely, is the literary world indebted to the establishment of the International Copyright, which, in its present form, is, at least, a move in the right direction.

America needs such broad and manly men to show to the world that which is best and most noble in her citizens. Many such men there are, not in New England alone, true gentlemen and true Christian patriots. Mr. Lowell's environment was such as to show his character in strongest relief; in honoring him we honor all who have a like character, and wish that, as a gentleman, a scholar, a broad-minded patriot, Lowell might be not the type of America's best, but of her all.

Professor Woodrow Wilson has contributed a paper called "The Author Himself" to the September *Atlantic*. It has attracted much attention, and is written in that clear, bright style with which most of us are familiar. The *Atlantic* for October contains the closing chapters of Frank Stockton's very successful "House of Martha" and three articles of particular interest. Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem to his friend James Russell Lowell is the first of these. The next is Henry Stone's sketch of General Thomas, and the other is a paper on "Emily Dickinson's Letters," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The letters are unique.

The "Duchess" is the author of Lippincott's novel for October. It is called "Lady Patty." "A Tiffin with a Taotai" is not a reassuring title, but we are very glad to learn that it only means a lunch with a dignitary of the Flowery Kingdom. The sketch describes the etiquette which such an occasion demands and is enjoyable. A portrait of George W. Childs forms the frontispiece. Melville Phillips' article "With Washington and Wayne" is well illustrated.

The frontispiece to *The Magazine of Art* for October is Sir E. Landseer's "The Shepherd's Grave," in which the faithful collie stands over his master's resting place. "The Two Salons" is the first article and is written by Walter Armstrong. The full-page illustrations this month are "The Pardon of Kergot" by Jules Breton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds' "The Ladies' Waldegrave." Both are well worthy the prominence given them. "Animal Painters, Past and Present," is illustrated by several well-known pictures.

In *The Cosmopolitan*, Elsie Anderson De Wolfe chats with us about "Three Women of the *Comédie Française*," and William A. Eddy contributes a paper upon "Some Great Storms." The illustrations in the latter are very interesting. Osman Bey thinks that Americans have peculiar ideas about Turkey, especially with regard to the women. He therefore informs us concerning "Modern Women of Turkey." The article is made attractive by some very pretty pictures. Murat Halstead writes quite a lengthy paper upon Cincinnati, which is also illustrated. "The Massacre of the Peace Commissioners" is by Harry L. Wells. Amélie Rives' "According to St. John" is continued.

The Century is full of interesting matter this month. Here, for instance, is Mr. Kennan's article upon "My Last Days in Siberia." The readers of *The Century* will be sorry to know that this is the last of the author's series of Siberian papers. The power required in aerial navigation is discussed by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor. J. G. Nicolay writes about Lincoln's personal appearance. The frontispiece is a portrait of Rudyard Kipling. Dr. Eggleston's thoroughly successful character-study, "The Faith Doctor," comes to a satisfactory conclusion. Short stories are contributed by F. Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews and Miss Matt Crim. There is an interesting editorial upon Lowell as poet and citizen. In the open letters, an Englishman, H. Y. Powell, has an animated discussion with Edgar S. Maclay upon "The Laurels of the American Tar in 1812."

The Dartmouth Lit. has rather a graphic description of "The Last Rally at Gravelotte." In one place the author's French may be considered somewhat doubtful. The *Lit.*'s new department of "The Contributors' Club" must be voted a decided success. The articles are all interesting, and "Stolen" is capital.

The University of The South Magazine has been published during the summer months. Most of its literary department is taken up with essays, principally upon men of letters. The August number, however, contains a long story. The verses of the summer numbers, it seems to us, are not so good as usual.

We quote some representative verse:

A CLEAR DIFFERENCE.

QUESTION.

"What's the way a person tells
A wise man from a fool?" asks Brown.

Oct.,

ANSWER.

"The fool (we read) wears cap and *bells*,
 The sage (we know) sports cap and *gown*."
 —*Brunonian*.

SIMON PETER.

"When man would find a stone
 Whereon to build a temple grand,
 He hews it from the solid rock
 With the keen chisels he has planned.

"When God would make a stone
 Whereon to rear this temple grand,
 He beckons to the willing seas
 And bids them bring Him shifting sand.

"Of one who stood alone,
 With shaking knees and shrinking hands,
 He shapes His Church's corner-stone
 Firm-moulded from such feeble sands."

—*Yale Lit.*

WHITE VIOLETS.

"How easily your heart forgets
 What once could thrill it through and through !
 My tribute of white violets,
 All sweet and wet with morning dew,
 Meant more than other flowers then,
 As I meant more than other men,
 My heart of hearts to you.

"And yet, to-night, you send them back,
 Crushed close within your letter's fold ;
 Do withered leaves and brittle stems,
 And tiny, scentless hearts of gold,
 Bereft of sunshine and of dew,
 Mean less than nothing unto you ?
How easily your heart forgets !
My violet of violets."

—*Southern Collegian*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PARNASSUS BY RAIL. By MARION MILLS MILLER. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Professor Miller has for some time, in current magazines, favored the public with chaste and eloquent poems, and now we are glad to see these, with many additions, issued in book form. The volume is a very neat one, of about one hundred pages. The first part, "Shadow Songs," is dedicated to the author of "A Life in Song," Professor George Lansing Raymond. There are altogether seven divisions of the poems, in the last of which we find several very clever translations and paraphrases. "The Battle of Canne," the Baird Prize Poem for 1885-6, is oratorical and strong. "Hylas" strikes a pathetic note, while "Parnassus by Rail" is calculated to provoke a smile with its "cog-wheel click of verses vain." There are lines which have special reference to college life, such as "Foot-Ball," in which we see a pile of wriggling humanity—

"A struggling whole
Of arms and legs irreconciled."

The two poems which, in all probability, have the most profound interest for Princeton men are those dedicated to Henry Cummings Lamar and to Frederick Brokaw. The last of these is the better, we think. After describing Fred. Brokaw's grace and alertness on the base-ball field, the author closes with the lines—

"A gilded youth? No! Heart of Gold! Once more
A desperate chance he dared, a life to save;
Nor till the sea its victim from him tore
Sank, spent at heart, beneath the swirling wave."

PREScott's WORKS, "STUDENT'S EDITION," COMPLETE IN 5 VOLUMES.
\$5. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.)

A very attractive edition of Prescott is the one before us. The Histories are edited with notes by John Foster Kirk. The "Conquest of Peru" and the "Miscellanies" are bound together, and each of the other histories is contained in a single volume. The set is bound in red cloth and is illustrated by portraits of the prominent characters with which the histories have to do. The print is of necessity somewhat fine, but is distinct. The beauty of Prescott's diction, and the high literary value of the works, has always made them of great interest to the student of a literary style. In this edition they come to us in an attractive form and altogether complete, and the price is so very reasonable that it puts the

set within the reach of almost every one. Many, doubtless, will avail themselves of this opportunity to secure the works of this man, so remarkable for the beauty of his style and for his ability to see the romantic side of history. Prescott's imagination may run away with him sometimes, but the literary value of the history is certainly not impaired by this.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. 2 VOLs. \$2.50. (NEW YORK:
THOMAS NELSON & SONS.)

A Shakespeare is an indispensable factor in the make-up of a library. Many are unable to obtain the more expensive editions. To the man who wishes a very neat copy at a very reasonable price, the one before us is just the thing. The binding is of mottled red cloth, with a handsome red and black back. There are 310 illustrations by Frank Howard, R. A., and Notes, Glossary, Indexes, etc., compiled by W. H. Davenport Adams. The first volume contains a biographical sketch, well illustrated by full-page cuts, a fac-simile of Shakespeare's will, and several pages on "Early Representation of Shakespeare's Plays." The print is not large, but thoroughly distinct, and headings at the top of each page facilitate the finding of passages.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR. BY HAROLD FREDERIC. \$1.25. (NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

William II. of Germany has been the subject of much interest, and we are glad to see this well-told history. When we begin to read the book we are very anxious to finish it. The character of the young Emperor is drawn in a vigorous manner, and the reader is easily able to study "his development on a throne." Mr. Frederic is an enthusiast in his work, and is possibly a little prone to allow his enthusiasm to get the better of him in certain regards.

The author represents the Emperor Frederick I. as a hypocrite, who, among other crimes, carried a pipe in public to make people think that he was a hard smoker, while, in reality, he disliked tobacco. Whether most men will be ready to separate Frederick from the place of affectionate regard and honor in which they have held him, remains to be seen. It is almost certain that some will be found to question the validity of the arguments used to prove the author's point.

His estimate of Bismarck is rather a low one, and here, again, antagonism will be excited. The story throughout is exceedingly well told, and is a thoroughly instructive one upon a subject of which everyone should know something.

The last chapter is devoted to "Personal Characteristics," and gives an excellent insight to the private life and character of the Emperor. There are several illustrations.

THE FAITH DOCTOR. BY EDWARD EGGLESTON. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.)

As a character study The "Faith Doctor" is scarcely to be equalled in modern fiction. The author makes no slips, never falls short of the reader's expectation. The first chapters, describing the evolution of a society man, are capital. Charley Millard, from a country boy, rapidly develops into a full fledged society man with a full fledged pedigree. The character of Phillida is no less ably drawn. A young woman of much Christian devotion, she becomes susceptible to the eloquence of Mrs. Franckland, and, allowing her enthusiasm to get the better of her, becomes "The Faith Doctor." In Miss Bowyer, the Christian Scientist, we are shown the utter nonsense of the professions of persons of her class. Phillida is finally rescued from her infatuation and throws over all belief in modern miracles. The constancy of Millard to Phillida, in spite of her enforced coldness to him and her peculiar notions, is unfailing. Millard's character is depicted by a clever hand. He is always in good form. This good taste is indeed the principal part of him.

We like Philip. Always doing unselfish deeds and speaking unselfish words, but fearful lest some one shall believe that he is anything more than a frivolous, insignificant, better-out-of-the-world kind of fellow. The keen satire throughout the book is delightful. We trust that our old-time Hoosier friend will enter New York society again, for, in depicting this life, he has made, in all probability, his greatest success.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. EDITED BY THE
DUC DE BROGLIE. TRANSLATED BY MRS. ANGUS HALL. VOL. III.
\$2.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This latest volume of the great diplomat's memoirs is as interesting and valuable as the two that have preceded it. With Part IX Prince de Talleyrand intended his memoirs to end, but nine years after the completion of his plan he found himself confronted by accusations on the part of the Duc de Rovigo of having proposed and advised the arrest and execution of the Duc d'Enghien twenty years previous.

The prince refutes the charges at length, giving *verbis dictis* his own contemporary correspondence relative to the subject, and correcting many misquotations made by his accuser. Subsequently the memoirs were added to by the fact that the aged prince was once more pressed into the service of his country, this time as ambassador to London, in 1830. In this appendix he gives a most interesting and detailed account of the state of English politics during the exciting years of 1830-32, with brief but characteristic sketches of the leading figures in English political life of that time.

The three engravings of the author, taken at various periods of his life, add not a little to the value and beauty of the book.

Taken all in all, the three volumes of Talleyrand's *Memoirs* constitute one of the handsomest, most readable and most creditable set of books that Messrs. Putnam's Sons have published this year.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

It's wonderful that Frank Stockton's imagination doesn't give out, but it seems rather to grow rich than otherwise. The hero of this tale engages an amanuensis from among the Sisters of the House of Martha. She is placed behind an iron grating in a room adjoining his study. She wears a bonnet, and he is unable to see her face until an unlocked for circumstance reveals it. How they become in love, how the hero establishes a male annex to the House of Martha, and becomes a Brother of the order, and how everything turns out all right in the end is told as only one imagination in the world can picture it. The account of the wanderings on the island is, possibly, a bit prolonged. The ridiculous situations all bear that strange semblance of truth which characterizes Mr. Stockton's most unlikely tales.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. BY CARL SCHURZ. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The admirable sketch of Mr. Lincoln, published last spring in *The Atlantic Monthly*, has been issued in book form. It is a review of the ten volumes of the Nicolay-Hay history. It is safe to say that a more thoroughly satisfactory biography has never been condensed into so few pages. A photograph of Mr. Lincoln, taken, probably, in 1860, is for the first time produced by the photo-gravure process, and forms the frontispiece. The story of Abraham Lincoln's life is an essential part of the history of our country. It is a life worthy of our most grateful admiration and of our most careful study. Here is the man's character brought out in most attractive form, and within a very small compass. The book is well worthy of a place in every library.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, AND OTHER SERMONS. BY PHILLIPS BROOKS. (NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & Co.)

About these sermons there is strength, manliness, and originality of thought, expressed in the words of one of the most eloquent of orators. The preacher has little sympathy for a milk-sop character, and for an utterly frivolous life. He wishes men to understand that living is a serious matter. Phillips Brooks commands the highest respect of all religious denominations, and throughout the volume we see the true sincerity of his character shine forth. He is a broad-minded man, and, altogether, a devoted man. To read his sermons is not to hear the great preacher, but it is a privilege not to be lightly esteemed.

EOTHEN. BY A. W. KINGLAKE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

As Number 33 of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," we have these chapters from sun-rise lands. A book, very deservedly popular a generation ago, is presented to us in this most fascinating series. The author does not try to be scientific or philosophical, he simply chats with the reader as friend might talk with friend. He tells us what he saw and heard in a graceful and easy manner. We cannot wonder that our fathers were so fond of reading Eothen, and are glad that the Meessrs. Putnam are doing so much to bring it to the notice of their sons.

THE STORY OF PORTUGAL. BY H. MORSE STEPHENS. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The latest of the "Stories of the Nations" series is "The Story of Portugal." We find that the early history of this as well as of all countries is shrouded in doubt and mystery. We are enabled, however, to trace her more modern development and discover that in this little nation, as well as in others, there have been strivings after liberty, a desire for conquest and glory, and a continual growth along the line of learning. Here bloody battles have been fought; for centuries Portugal has been a battle-ground. The part she had in the early history of the new world is pointed out, as well as her place with relation to the downfall of Napoleon. Speaking of this latter event, Channing says: "The arm of Great Britain became the lever and Portugal the fulcrum to wrench from the basis the power that had subdued the rest of Europe." So Portugal has played an important part in the world's history. In Portugal Sir Arthur Wellesley won his first battle against the French, and many prominent names have a place in her annals.

THEODORIC, THE GOTH. BY THOMAS HODGKIN. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

"Theodoric" is a handsome volume, and would be an ornament to any library-shelf. Its interior, too, is artistically arranged with pictorial representations bearing on the times of The Great Ostrogoth. The matter is selected from the most authentic sources. But it is not only from an aesthetic point of view that the lover of history will regard this work. Its beauty must yield the palm to its utility. It portrays with pleasing interest the story of Theodoric from the time of his birth in the splendors of an Ostrogothic palace throughout his eventful boyhood, until the death of Theudemir and accession of Theodoric and of Italy under Odovacor. Then the conquest of Italy and the assassination of Odovacor, and the consequent transformation in Theodoric's life. The subsequent chapters treat, among other things, of Roman officials, Casiodores, the Arion League, Theodoric's Tomb, and, finally, The Theodoric of Sago. Theodoric is here very properly made one of the most interesting characters of early European history. In the influence

he exerted in saving Italy from entire destruction, the author is surely right in pronouncing him one of the "Great might-have-beens" of history.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. A HAND-BOOK BASED UPON M. GUSTAVE DACOURDRAT'S HISTOIRE SOMMAIRE DE LA CIVILISATION. EDITED BY REV. J. VERSCHOYLE, M.A. (NEW YORK: D. APLETON & CO., 1891.) \$1.75.

In a way not too diffuse, and yet one in which the successive steps of progress are clearly marked, the editor has produced a book which can afford information to the general reader, and will serve well its use as a text-book for younger students. It is an exhaustive work upon a difficult subject. In the development of civilization "the vital refinements are the moral and intellectual steps." Mr. Verschoyle keeps this principle clearly before his mind. The space, as we should naturally expect from the title of the work, is not wholly devoted to political matters. A great deal of attention is paid to the various stages in the development of the arts and literature, as well as to the manners of different epochs. Chapter IX, on the Renaissance, is perhaps the best in the volume. It is remarkably well managed, the chief points are brought strongly into view, and careful management of details is shown. Chapter V, on the feudal system, and Chapters XIII and XIV, on the state of Europe in the eighteenth century, and the causes of the French Revolution, are also full of interest.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. BY PROF. CHARLES GIDE. TRANSLATED BY EDWARD PERCY JACOBSEN, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY JAMES BOUAR. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & CO. 1891.) \$2.00.

This book will be sure to receive a hearty welcome in America. The style is so plain, and the illustrations of difficult points so clear and concrete, that the whole subject is easily grasped by the reader. Moreover, one feels as he reads that he is learning from a man who knows thoroughly whereof he speaks. It does us Americans good to keep in touch with foreign economic views. Those of us who have not studied the question deeply are too apt to look at economic questions in a manner of our own, which is, to say the least, unique. The student of Political Economy who is not conversant with foreign works on the subject is prone to extreme narrowness of thought, and only too apt to imagine that a system of Political Economy which conforms to the institutions under which he lives is the only rational one for any and all social conditions. But if he reads a book by such a profound economist as Prof. Gide, so much the greater is the advantage he obtains from its perusal. The translator has succeeded in preserving the easy and graphic style very well. The only criticism we would make on the book is that, while giving an exhaustive exposition of the tenets of the various schools, the

author has hardly expressed his own individual opinion on each question plainly enough. This leaves the untrained reader somewhat in doubt. In his preface to this edition, however, Prof. Gide says that he did this with a purpose, as his work was not intended merely for students of universities alone, but for "practical men who wish to form for themselves an opinion on economic and social questions."

Among the most interesting and able chapters in the book are those which discuss the questions of "Monometallism and Bimetallism," and "Free Trade and Protection."

THE CORPORATION PROBLEM. By WILLIAM W. COOK. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. 1891.)

A compact little volume on one of the most important questions of the day. The corporation problem, its causes, effects and remedies, are discussed in a rather hopeful vein, which is very pleasing after the pessimistic predictions of a certain class of writers. Various remedies for the railroad problem are discussed and proposed. "Trusts" are carefully handled in Chapter I. It is a book which all Americans should read.

CHURCH AND CREED. By R. HEBER NEWTON. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

We cannot agree with Dr. Newton in many of the opinions which he advances, but we may take him at his word, and believe that what may be erroneous in his statements is given in perfect good faith. We admire his fearlessness and his determination to stand boldly in defense of what he believes to be the Truth. The first discourse was prepared with reference to the Remonstrance, which set forth the evils of the Episcopal clergy allowing non-Episcopally ordained ministers to speak at special services in the churches. We are glad to see a broad-minded man, one who is willing to acknowledge that the church is a vast flock, not a narrow, confined fold, and yet, Dr. Newton goes too far, and lets his idea, good in itself, get the better of him in some regards.

The other sermons were preached after the publication of a letter signed by twelve presbyters of the diocese, calling to the Bishop's attention Dr. Newton's "alleged violations of the doctrine and discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church." In these he decries the lack of progress which he sees in the church, its "stiffening of a fluent faith into a rigid formula," and urges instead a renewed life, a spiritual power which the church is needing very sadly.

There is much truth in the sermons, much, in spite of their mistakes, to which thoughtful men might well listen. The subjects are treated, at least, in a fascinating way.

THE NEW THEOLOGY. By JOHN BASCOM. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Religious thought is to-day in a state of great ferment. New ideas are advanced on all sides, new interpretations given to doctrines once thought finally established—in short, the "New Theology" is in the air.

Calvinism is the especial object of the destructive criticism of the new school, and whether the old faith, which has stood for three hundred years, will remain firm and unchanged after the smoke of the present controversy has cleared away, is a question admitting of much debate. Men of all classes and occupations are intensely interested in this theological discussion—it is heard not only in the study, but also in the counting-house, at the dinner table and in the street car. The daily papers are full of it, the monthly magazines abound in articles upon it—in a word, it is the vital question of the hour and demands speedy settlement.

Mr. Bascom's book, "The New Theology," advocates freer thinking on religious subjects and a critical, unprejudiced balancing of arguments before the final word is said. He writes with the clearness and force which distinguishes "Ethics" and "Science of the Mind" and other contributions to literature, and especially the chapter on the supernatural is marked by originality of treatment and close consecutive reasoning.

HOW WE GOT OUR BIBLE. By J. PATERSON SMYTH. (NEW YORK: JAMES POTT & CO.)

A new edition of Mr. Smyth's little book, more fully illustrated than the former one, is even a more complete answer to questions suggested by the late revision of the Bible. We are told of the necessity for revision from time to time, as new discoveries are made and men become more able to interpret the meaning of the Inspired Word of God. In the first chapter the author discusses "The Sources of Our Bible" and "Ancient Manuscripts," and in the succeeding pages treats of the historical versions of the English Bible. Interesting *fac-similes* of ancient manuscripts are given among the illustrations.

THE OLD DOCUMENTS AND THE NEW BIBLE. By J. PATERSON SMYTH. (NEW YORK: JAMES POTT & CO.)

We have before us "An Easy Lesson for the People in Biblical Criticism." It is clear and concise; not a learned treatise for the perusal of learned men, but a simple statement of general knowledge "for plain people," who have not the time nor the training necessary for investigating these matters for themselves. This book is the first of a projected series, and endeavors simply to give an impartial history of facts. There are three parts to the work, the first relating to the correctness of the old Hebrew Documents; the second, to the other Documents and their use in testing and correcting the Hebrew, and the last in a simple manner

shows how this testing and correcting is done. People are asking a great many questions about the Bible to-day. We are sure that it will bear investigation, and it is a good thing that men who are not scholars may, in this little volume, so pleasantly become acquainted with the methods of that investigation.

APPLICATION AND ACHIEVEMENT. ESSAYS BY J. HAZARD HARTZELL. EDITED BY HIS SONS. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This is the first of the posthumous works of J. Hazard Hartzel. It appears in neat form, and is published without annotations of any kind. The themes are rather of the old style, treating of abstract qualities, like Genius, Character, Manners, etc. But the content is far more interesting than the titles would indicate. The author has brought to bear upon his work a great knowledge of history, an insight of nature, and a calm, deliberate love of what is noble and good. The essays are literary in style, and form most interesting reading on old subjects from a new point of view.

POLITICS AND PROPERTY, OR PHRONOCRACY. BY SLACK WORTHINGTON. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In order to eradicate "discontent and strife," the author proposes his system, "a compromise between Democracy and Plutocracy" which he is pleased to call "Phronocracy," signifying, "the rule of reason, prudence and understanding." Mr. Worthington, among other things, advocates a curtailment of our popular vote, an extreme free-trade, a gold money-standard, the levying of taxes in proportion to ability rather than to property, an adequate recompense of individual excellence, and the speedy control, by one government, of all the land from the Isthmus to the Arctic. "It may," says the author, "be possible, some day, to bridge the Atlantic Ocean." True. Then, it seems to us, will it be time to hope that "Phronocracy" may be established. The development of the theory, however, is ingenious, and many of its parts are both practicable and suggestive. The system, as a whole, is rather Utopian.

FREELAND. A SOCIAL ANTICIPATION. BY THEODORE HERTZKA. TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR RANSON. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.)

The evils of the present social system are attacked in this book with much eloquence and spirit. The author, Theodore Hertzka, has some novel views on the subject, and his analysis of existing grievances is very acute. The remedy proposed is colonization on Freeland principles, which are expatiated upon at considerable length by the principal characters in the story; for Bacon's plan of giving concrete interest to political abstractions by weaving a thread of romance through the otherwise somewhat abstruse discussion, has been followed. Striking incidents abound and the interest of the reader is held to the close.

BURKE'S AMERICAN ORATIONS. EDITED BY A. I. GEORGE. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH AND CO.)

The name of Burke must ever be associated with the American Revolution. Amid the stirring events of those times we hear the calm, clear voice of the Irish orator. No one studied more deeply the problems of taxation and of government, saw the drift of opinions and the tendency of the times, than Burke. The first clear note for our independence was sounded by him. Mr. George has not given us his most polished oration—the speech on the trial of Warren Hastings—yet his orations on the American Revolution should enkindle in us increased love of and devotion to our country. Burke's orations are models of style. The reading of them will awaken a desire for good literature; will enable us to use the English language more forcibly; will give us a deeper sense of gratitude to "The men of the Revolution." The notes are well chosen.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE WORTHIES. BY CLINTON ROSS. 75c. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Three delightfully romantic stories are contained in this little volume. The first is "Vicomte de Saint-Dernier;" the second "A Sieur de Bertrand," and the third "The Lady at the Death." The author, in his preface, warns the reader that if he be seeking "realism" in the volume he is bound to be disappointed. We are glad that the stories are not realistic, for in the absence of this lies their peculiar grace. The tales are pretty and are told in a charming manner. The volume is calculated to make a most attractive souvenir.

KHALED; A TALE OF ARABIA. BY F. MARION CRAWFORD. \$1.25. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO.)

A fanciful Eastern tale, telling how one of the genii fell in love with a mortal princess, and became, by Allah's permission, a man. He was a man like other men, except that he could have no immortal soul until he should win the love of the princess. The story of his efforts to gain the affection of Zehowah, and of his ultimate success, is told in a simple and highly poetic style. As soon as Zehowah had acknowledged her love for Khaled, Allah sent to him an immortal soul, and he became as other men, to be judged, like other men, according to the deeds done in the flesh.

The style is Oriental, but is not, on this account, stilted or unnatural.

ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM. BY KATE SANBORN. HALF CLOTH. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.)

The scene of this laughable sketch is Gooseville, Conn., which, the author kindly informs us in a parenthesis, is an assumed name for Foxboro, Mass. Her experiences with horses, poultry—especially ducks

and peacocks—ghosts and the living citizens of that rural community, are very amusing. Many good anecdotes are scattered here and there throughout the various chapters. It is excellent reading for anybody suffering from "the blues."

A PURITAN PAGAN. A NOVEL. BY JULIEN GORDON. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & COMPANY.)

The old theme of a man's strength proving his weakness, told in a unique way, is made the hingeing point in this, which the author says is a true story. In a few pages the hero, a strong, brilliant young lawyer, of New England extraction, is married to a girl, young, beautiful and—for a Southern nature—strangely reserved. She is of the unsophisticated-little-recluse order, and when the hero confesses his guilt and how he has wronged her, she runs away from his house with only a silver-clasped cloak over her shoulders, and plans, first, revenge, which turns out to be impossible; then "social shining." This is successful; every one here and on the other side falls in love with her, with the desired result—the Puritan Pagan, who is Pagan no longer, gets madly jealous. They are united on the last page, with true love this time, and he is an unbeliever no longer—which, we forgot to mention, was one of the elements which caused his downfall.

The sketching is done with bold strokes; the bits of human nature are fetching, the aphorizing is clever and copious, the society-satire is keen, strong and, for a woman, remarkably searching, but even the authoress of a "Diplomat's Diary," in depicting men, cannot depart entirely from the conventional woman's man.

MINE OWN PEOPLE. BY RUDYARD KIPLING. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This collection of stories detracts none from the reputation of the Indian story-writer, who so recently awoke and found himself famous. The scenes and incidents of which he writes are new to most Americans. But interest comes not from novelty of theme alone. His sense of humor and sarcastic standpoint of things are the same as in his first productions. This, together with his vigorous and vehement mode of expression, have attracted much notice. All lovers of Kipling should read "Mine Own People."

ONE WOMAN'S WAY. EDMUND PENDLETON. 50c. (NEW YORK: APPLETON & Co.)

This book is well worth the reading, for it is one of the best of the past summer's novels. It involves the interesting question as to whether conscientiousness can or cannot be carried to excess. The overwhelming, more than Puritanical sense of duty that governed Agatha Floyd's actions appears to us at least to have wrecked two lives—her's and her

lover's. We sympathize with Roger Peyton. The characters are true to life, excepting, perhaps, the Englishman, who is exaggerated somewhat. Agatha Floyd is, of course, the study. We cannot but like her despite her morbid tendencies. She is not indigenous to Virginia. On the old homestead, of which we get passing but vivid glimpses, she is out of place. It is the great contrast that makes her character so powerful. We can conceive of no Southern girl making the mistake she made, and yet we must admire the noble and true in her character. The old Colonel, her father, is an excellent piece of sketching, and so, too, is Betty, a typical American girl. Looking at her we are thankful that she is a pleasanter type of womanhood than Miss Floyd, and that she, at any rate, did not follow "One Woman's Way."

MAID MARIAN AND OTHER STORIES. BY MOLLY E. SEAWELL.
50c. (NEW YORK. APPLETON AND CO.)

"Maid Marian" is a rather amusing tale, cleverly bringing a 19th century American society woman into juxtaposition with an Elizabethan Lady of the Bed-chamber. We doubt not but that there would result some astounding *contretemps*, with much scandal and uplifting of hands, if such an event could and should really come to pass, for, to say the least, Elizabethan social manners would scarcely pass muster to-day. We don't wonder that Mrs. Van Tromp fled in dismay at Lady Marian's conduct. Of the other stories, "Little Missy" we like the best. "Theodora" starts well but disappoints us. As a whole, the stories make light but rather interesting reading.

A MATTER OF SKILL. BY BEATRICE WHITBY. 50 CENTS. (NEW YORK: APPLETON & CO.)

One is inclined to wonder, after reading this book, whether the skill involved was on the part of Mr. Albert Jones or of Miss Helen Mitford; whether the former evinced skill in the way in which he finally won the girl he loved, or whether she manifested it in the way in which she "threw herself at his head," as she expressed it. Miss Mitford, after frigidly declining the suit of a passionate but weak young curate, who thereupon goes abroad and dies of fever and broken heart, finds herself in several awkward predicaments, from which Mr. Jones extricates her. To his love she at first turns a cold shoulder, but at length when he loses his fortune and she, on the other hand, inherits several thousand pounds, she discovers that she loves him after all. Accordingly, she "throws herself at his head," by asking him to marry her, which he does. The plot is not a powerful one, nor is the story very well written, but it will serve to pass away an hour or two despite the one or two misquotations and flagrant errors in grammar.

IS MAN TOO PROLIFIC? THE SO-CALLED MALTHUSIAN IDEA.

BY H. S. POMEROY, A.M., M.D. 35c. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

"An answer to the Malthusian doctrine, and designed to allay the fears of those who are troubled about the over-population of the world," with a letter to the author from Mr. Gladstone.

THE PERFECT CALENDAR FOR EVERY YEAR OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA. BY HENRY FITCH. 50c. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

This calendar, the author informs us, is designed for practical, everyday use. It "commends itself to the commercial world because of its accuracy, and it will be of special value to students of history for ascertaining past and future dates."

Besides providing tables of reference for the scholar, it answers the purpose of the ordinary commercial calendar. A chronological list of important events is found on the last pages. The calendar is calculated to be very useful in many respects.

THE THREE MISS KINGS. BY ADA CAMBRIDGE. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

Here we have a bright, vivid, interesting story. The tale opens with the conversation of three girls on the seashore. Their mother and father had been lovers in Merry England, but some quarrel with their relations caused them to leave the land of their birth and settle on the lonely shore of the southern sea. The three girls, after the death of their parents, drift to Melbourne, where each of them meets her fate. The author paints his many characters with rare skill. The life of the people in their far-away home is told exquisitely. As one reads, a feeling of kinship with them steals over him, for we all, many times, have had experience very like to theirs.

STEPHEN ELLICOTT'S DAUGHTER. BY MRS. J. H. NEEDEL. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

This novel is a story of old English life and customs. The characters are well drawn and life-like. The chief character, Hester Ellicott, wins our admiration and sympathy from the beginning—admiration for her bravery, sympathy for her misfortune. Her father had eagerly desired a son, and so at first hated the girl, and we are interested to see how little brown-eyed Hester gradually won her way to the father's heart. Hester's husband, Lancelot Henderson, is a villain, but in spite of his wickedness we pity him. The skill which the author uses in exciting this pity adds much interest to the novel. The minor characters are weak.

INTERFERENCE. By B. M. CROKER. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

The plot of this novel is original. The scene is laid in Ireland. George Malone, a soldier in the English army, in India, comes home on a visit and meets Belle Redmond—who tries to win his love, and he in turn falls in love with Belle's poor cousin Bettie, a tall, slender Irish girl. George is called suddenly to India without asking Mrs. Redmond for the hand of her niece.

In the course of the year he is promoted and writes, asking Mrs. Redmond for Bettie. He forgets—O reader! take warning—to cross his t's, and Belle's mother, wishing her daughter to be married, pretends to think the name is Belle, and sends that young woman to George. A great misfortune, and all because he didn't cross his t's.

CONSEQUENCES. By EGERTON CASTLE. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON AND Co.)

The author of this story is happy in his creation of the character of Maude Wolhaus, who plays the main part in the novel. The plot is an old one—a hasty marriage, a quarrel, a separation.

The opening chapters are by far the best. The scene is laid in Spain.

MERRILL'S WORD AND SENTENCE BOOK. 24c. (NEW YORK: CHAS. E. MERRILL & Co.)

A useful text-book for primary classes. "It interests pupils and makes them think."

QUITA. By CECIL DUNSTAN. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

A story of a young woman who loves one man and is in turn loved by his son. Her fortunes are depicted and her life tragically ended in a land-slide.

DL. By SQUIER L. PIERCE. \$1.25. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

We almost trust that this story shall be like those which the author mentions in his Preface as sinking "into merited oblivion." Its spirit is scarcely a healthy one.

ONE REASON WHY. By BEATRICE WHITBY. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)